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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XI.—MAY, 1876.—No. 61.

THE ORIGIN OF THE RELIGIOUS MILITARY ORDERS.

FOR a correct idea of the religious military orders of the middle ages it is necessary to recall something of the Crusades, whence they sprang, and to go still further back, and inquire into the state of society which made the Crusades possible.

When the Roman empire had finished the task allotted to it by the decrees of Providence, and, too rotten within itself to withstand their rude prowess, had fallen before the inroads of the barbarians, a check was given them from a totally unexpected and unlooked for source.

The religion of him who, beneath the palm trees of Judea, passed for the son of a simple carpenter, had by virtue of its Divine origin steadily progressed, notwithstanding the persecutions it had to suffer from the great ones of the earth, and the contempt felt for the poverty and weakness, individually, of those who embraced its tenets. When, therefore, the magnificence of Jupiter Capitolinus succumbed before the might of Thor and Odin—when the sea of barbarism threatened to overwhelm the earth in its waters—that religion, taught beside the lakes and upon the mounts of Palestine, and hidden for years beneath the very foundations of the City of the Cæsars themselves, rose up in all the celestial beauty of its purity and truth, and, with cross extended, said to the northern torrent: "So far shalt thou come, and no farther." And the waves were stilled. The haughty Norseman knelt at the feet of the Vicar of the Judean, and swore to defend the ministers and obey the mandates of one greater than Balder or Thor.

But it was not all at once that the religion of Christ achieved the subjugation of the barbarians. Their natures were too fierce, their instincts too earthly, to bow unresistingly to the lessons of humility and self-restraint imparted to them by their new teachers. Nor did Christianity seek to destroy these characteristics of the new converts. It elevated them while it subdued them, and turned them into a new channel, in which, while their finest traits were preserved, they were purified from the dross of their old condition.

The lofty energies of the soul

which thirst of glory and contempt of death alike inspires, and which is displayed in daring and magnanimous actions, is indeed the vital essence of heroism, under every form of society and in every age. But this lifespring of action, common to the Roman and the Gothic warrior, was fused and inseparably connected by the peculiarities of the chivalric spirit with the triple incentive of religious, social, and amatory obligations. Thus to the martial spirit of the age were added the graceful virtues of loyalty and honor, courtesy and benevolence.

And thus, religion and nature uniting, produced that most wonderful and beautiful institution, CHIVALRY. There was, however, little to charm the imagination in the first ages of chivalry. No plumed steeds, decked out in gorgeous trappings, arched their proud necks and pranced beneath their mail-clad riders; no warrior, bearing in his crested helm the favor of his liege lady, graced those early times. All was rude and sombre.

The martial force of the northern nations was chiefly infantry in the times of the Romans, but afterwards a great, though imperceptible, change took place, and during all the long period which forms, in the historic phrase, the middle ages, cavalry was the strongest arm of military power. Terms expressive of this martial array were sought for in its distinguishing circumstances. Among the corruptions of the Latin tongue caballus signified a horse, caballenus a horseman, and caballicare to ride; and from these words all the languages that were formed on a Latin basis derived their phrases descriptive of military duties on horseback. In all languages of Teutonic origin the same circumstance was expressed by words signifying service. The German *knight* and the Saxon *cnight* are synonymous with the Italian *cavaliere*, the Spanish *caballero*, and the French *cavalier*. The word *rider* also designated the same person, preceded by, or without, the word *knight*. In the kingdoms which sprang from the ruins of the Roman empire every king, baron, and person of estate was a knight, and therefore the whole of Europe was overspread with cavalry. Considered in this light, the knighthood and feudalism of Europe were synonymous. But there was a chivalry within this chivalry; a moral and personal knighthood, in which religion was the motive power; not the well-ordered assemblage of the instruments of ambition, but a military barrier against oppression and tyranny, a corrective of feudal despotism and injustice. Something of this spirit may be said to have existed in all ages and countries, but the Christian chivalry of Europe was purer and higher than any preceding condition of society; for it established woman in her just rank in the moral world, and many of its principles of action proceeded from a divine source of which the ancients could not boast.

To trace these beautiful attributes of chivalry would take too much time and space; suffice it to say that, as religion civilized more and more these military votaries, they became more and more amenable to her influence and obedient to her slightest call.

Therefore, when Michael, and afterwards Alexius Comnenus, from the Turk-beleagured walls of Constantinople besought Urban II to send help to them and to the bands who yearly found their way to the scenes of our Saviour's life and death, and suffered for their faith at the hands of the infidel, the Pope had little difficulty in arousing the proper spirit. Europe lay before him like an immense field of flax, to which it was only necessary to apply a match at one spot to kindle a flame which would overspread the whole.

But while the relief of the Greek

capital and the protection of the pilgrims were the suggested motives, and while the advance of the first Crusaders did drive the Mussulmans back for a little time from the gates of Constantinople, all thoughts of these matters were soon set aside in the later and more absorbing idea of rescuing the places sacred to the Christians as associated with the redemption of the world, the land made holy by the footsteps of God —the tomb itself, from the hands of the infidel. This was now the end and aim of the undertaking. Peter the Hermit, of Picardy, took up the cry, and was strongly seconded by Urban, and the councils of Piacenza and Clermont, both held in the year 1095, eloquently proclaimed the necessity of rescuing Jerusalem. So great was the enthusiasm at the latter council, while Urban was addressing the immense multitude of clergy and laity of all ranks from France, Italy, and Germany, upon the sacred duty of rescuing the sepulchre of Christ from the infidels, and the favor devotion to this service would draw from heaven, the inference of a Divine command for the holy war was drawn by one accord from his hearers. "It is the will of God! Deus vult! Dieux el volt! Deus lovolt!" was the cry from thousands of hearts and lips, and Urban's and Peter's work was half done. It was while this cry still resounded through the vast assembly that the idea occurred to the Pope, and was immediately acted upon, of marking those who took part in the sacred cause with the sign of the cross, the holy symbol to be worn upon their breasts or shoulders.

Gibbon tells us that although the color of the cross was generally red in the first crusade, different colors were adopted subsequently as national distinctions; red by the French, green by the Flemings, and white by the English; thus the cross became the invariable badge of the profession, while it gave an all-enduring name to the sacred warfare of the Croissé or Crusader.

The decision of the Council of Clermont gave universal satisfaction in Europe, which echoed with warlike preparations. France, Germany, and Italy, to say nothing of the British Isles, and even remote Scandinavia, were inspired with a common ardor. Spain did not so readily respond, because the flower of the Christian chivalry of Castile and Arragon were busy in their long contest with the Saracens upon their own soil.

It is no part of the plan of this sketch to give a detailed account of the march of the two bodies of Crusaders, the one an undisciplined mob, under the leadership of Peter the Hermit, the second of carrying on its roll some of the brightest names of history. Nor of the third band of Germans, under the Monk Godeschal, who mostly perished in the wilds of Hungary. Suffice it that after the siege of Nice, and the taking of Edessa, the object of the expedition was gained, and the banner of the Christian hosts waved from the walls of Jerusalem on the 15th of July, 1099.

We all know how meekly Godfrey de Bouillon wore the new honors imposed upon him by his brothers in arms, and how he devoted himself to the care of his new subjects.

The kingdom of Jerusalem when formed was left by its godfathers to struggle, as best it might, against its own weakness and the wiles of its enemies. Godfrey had but a small standing army, and this, although it was recruited from time to time by the ardor of pilgrims to the Holy Land and the succeeding Crusaders, would not have sufficed had not the spirit of religious chivalry come to its assistance. The same two causes which had aroused this spirit further developed it, and evolved from it the three grand semi-military, semi-religious orders: that of "St. John, or the Knights Hospitallers;

THE TEMPLARS, OR KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE;" and "THE TEUTONIC ORDER, OR KNIGHTS OF ST. MARY AT JERUSALEM."

Such an institution as that of these monastic knights, requiring entire devotion to religion, amid the active life of the camp, blending the love of God with the love of war, presents a strange anomaly. And that these orders, if subsequently corrupt, were at their origin the very ideal, the sublimest poetry of true chivalry, is admitted even by a modern liberal, and generally sneering German author, K. J. Weber, who adds: "The infancy of the three cosmo-historical orders was characterized by a simplicity alike touching and exalted, their adolescence by splendor and heroic feats of arms."

II.

IN 1058 a number of Italian merchants, natives of Amalfi, purchased from the Caliph of Egypt, Romensor-Mustasaph, the right to build an hospital, with chapel attached, wherein sick pilgrims could be nursed and taken care of in Jerusalem. They dedicated the new edifice to St. John, the Eleemosynary, who had been patriarch of the city in the seventh century.

Although the asylum was ostensibly for Latin pilgrims to Jerusalem, infidels (*i. e.*, Saracens) were received and cared for with the same attention, and it was, perhaps, owing to this fact, as well as to the reverence and respect which all Mussulmans feel for charitable institutions and objects that the hospital was saved from the storms of Egyptian and Turkish wars. The chapel was near the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and there were two distinct hospitals, one for each sex; also a monastery for the monks.

The establishment was zealously supported by contributions from Amalfi and other parts of Italy, and he alms of the wealthier Christian pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. The duties were performed by a few Benedictine monks and those pilgrims who preferred remaining in the city, and a great many of these entered the hospitals, and devoted themselves to their service.

When Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Crusaders the hospitals were joyfully opened for the reception and cure of the wounded warriors. So pleased was Godfrey, in visiting the hospital for the first time, by the care and devotion bestowed upon the patients, and by his visit to the monastery, that he pronounced it too valuable an establishment to be left dependent upon casual charity or gratitude, and endowed it with lands in Brabant, the chief province of his European duchy.

Many of the Crusaders, charmed by the good work done by the Hospitallers, joined the order, and devoted themselves to its duties. Among them were Raymond du Puy, Dudon du Comps, Gastus de Berdiez, and Canon de Montaign. Hitherto the Hospitallers had had no regular constitution, although the members followed the rule of St. Benedict, and although they have been spoken of as "Hospitallers" in this sketch, their proper title up to this time was "*Brothers of the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem.*"

Now that, thanks to the generosity of Godfrey and others, they had become wealthy, the lay members, with the consent, and under the direction of Gerard d'Avernes, their rector, separated from the monks, assumed the name of "KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AT JERUSALEM," and built a third house near the spot occupied by the house of Zacharia, the father of St. John, hence the name. This was for their own residence, as well as for the reception of highborn strangers.

Although separated from their religious companions, the new order did not consider itself parted from

them entirely; on the contrary when nurses were in great demand at the hospital the knights tendered their services, and they were also bound to guide and protect all pilgrims, not only those who had been nursed in the hospitals, but others who needed their assistance, in their journey from Jerusalem or Constantinople, as their destination led them.

The constitution of the order thus established by Gerard and Godfrey was as follows:

1. Hospitality for all pilgrims and crusaders, including defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and of this new kingdom.

2. A military organization in three classes: clergy, knights, servants-at-arms.

3. Knights to have all the proof required of a *miles mellus fit miles nisi filius militis.* To be of noble and legitimate birth.

4. The not regularly professed in the order may be aggregated to it.

5. Females also.

6. None professed can have any property of their own; but only expect to be clothed plainly and frugally, and freely dedicate their lives.

7. Therefore three vows: celibacy, obedience, and individual poverty.

8. An amplification of 7.

9. Their dress is that they at present wear; the cross white now, from the founder being a Norman.

10. Each future head to be selected by the order from among themselves; and he is to have a council, to which he must submit; and, in important matters, convene a general assembly of the order, where he may have a double vote; and then the majority decide beyond appeal.

Desirous of some guide in their religious character, the knights adopted the rule and dress of regular Augustinian canons, with the addition of an eight-pointed white cross affixed to the left side or shoulder of their black mantles.

Pope Pascal II, pleased with what he heard of the new order, in 1113, by special bull, blessed it, and exempted it from payment of tithes and from ecclesiastical subjection to bishop, archbishop, or patriarch.

The good Gerard founded hospitals and houses in various parts of Europe, where the members of the order rendered the same services to the poor and sick that their confrères did in Jerusalem, and, having governed the order until 1118, he was called to his reward only a short time after the death of his friend and sovereign, Godfrey.

At the same time with the establishment of the Knights Hospitallers, a religious association of women was formed at Jerusalem by Alice or Alix, a Roman lady, for the care of the sick. This was on the same plan as Gerard's order, and none but women were received into the hospital. These ladies, animated by the same spirit as the Hospitallers, desired to be associated with them. Their desire was granted, and they acknowledged the grand master as their superior.

III.

Although Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians, with one or two other places of importance, the whole of Palestine was not. On the contrary, the lofty mountains near the seacoast was infested with bands of fugitive Mussulmans, who fortified and maintained various impregnable fortresses, whence they sallied to rob and murder the thousands of pilgrims whom the glad tidings of the capture of the Holy City had drawn to its sacred places. The Bedouin horsemen also, in their frequent and rapid incursions from beyond the Jordan, kept up a desultory and irregular warfare on the plains. Hence the pilgrims, whether they approached the city by land or sea, were alike molested and exposed

to plunder and death. To bring about a better order of things, and punish the cruel and barbarous infidels, taxed the strength of the new kingdom almost more than it could bear, when Hugh de Payens, Geoffrey de St. Aldemar, with seven other knights who had particularly distinguished themselves at the siege of Jerusalem, formed a holy brotherhood in arms, and rushed to the rescue of the helpless pilgrims. True to the spirit of the age, and the sacredness of the cause to which they had devoted their swords, these devout nine called themselves "*The Poor Fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ.*" Giving up the world and its pleasures in the Church of the Resurrection, and in the presence of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, they took the three monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, to which they added a fourth, which was, to defend all pilgrims, and to wage an incessant war against the unbelievers. This was in 1117.

At first they had no church, and no particular place of abode, and were indebted to the Hospitallers for many kindnesses. They were so poor that two knights had to ride upon one horse—a fact the remembrance of which was perpetuated by the seal of the order, which was a horse so mounted.

This state of things did not last long, for the little body of men soon drew the attention of Baldwin II, who had succeeded to the throne of the Holy City after the short reign of Baldwin I, brother of Godfrey; he, Baldwin II, being also cousin of the first two kings. The second clause of their fourth vow made the devoted band an important adjunct to the royal power if they were fostered and developed. Therefore, in 1118, they were granted a place of habitation on Mount Moriah, and "The Poor Fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ" came to be thenceforth known by the name of THE KNIGHTHOOD OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

The first aim and object of the order had been the protection of pilgrims, as before mentioned, on their journey between the seacoast and Jerusalem; but as the Turks began to recover from their disappointment and defeat, and the terror into which the success of the first Crusaders had plunged them, they began to assume a dangerous and aggressive attitude, and it was decided that the Knights of the Temple should add to their profession the defence of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, of the Eastern Church, and all the holy places.

Baldwin, anxious to promote the welfare and foster the growth of the infant order, and as, in those ages of faith, no undertaking was considered worthy of success until the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, had approved and blessed it, he sent two knights templar to St. Bernard, the holy Abbot of Clairvaux, with a letter of recommendation from himself, desiring him to present their claims and wishes to the Pope, and obtain from the Holy Father the approbation of their institution. He also requested the abbot to induce his Holiness to send succor and subsidies against the infidels.

Not long after this, Hugh de Payens himself and Geoffrey de St. Aldemar, with four other brothers of the order, visited Rome, and were received with great honor by Pope Honorius II. A council was called at Troyes in 1128, which the Templar visitors were invited to attend, and, having submitted their original rules to the examination of the assembly, the Abbot of Clairvaux undertook to revise and correct them, and to form a code of statutes for their future government.

The Rule of the Poor Fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ and of the Temple of Solomon, arranged by St. Bernard, was of a religious and monastic cast. Divided into seventy-two heads, or chapters, it is preceded by a short prologue, addressed "to all who dis-

dain to follow after their own wills, and desire with purity of mind to fight for the Most High and True King," exhorting them to put on the armor of obedience, and to live together in charity, piety, and humility, always ready for the defence of religion and their helpless neighbor. The rules called for severe devotional exercises, self-mortification, fasting and prayer, constant attendance at Matins, Vespers, and all Church services. They were to eat in one common hall or refectory, to preserve silence at their meals, or, if it were absolutely necessary to speak, they were to do so in a low tone and in as few words as possible. "Two and two ought in general to eat together, that one may have an eye on the other."

"After the brothers have once departed from the hall to bed, it must not be permitted any one to speak in public, except it be upon urgent necessity. But whatever is spoken must be said in an undertone by the knight to his esquire. Perchance, however, in the interval, between prayer and sleep, it may behoove you from urgent necessity, no opportunity having occurred during the day, to speak on some military matter, or concerning the state of your house, with some portion of the brethren, or with the master or him to whom the government of the house has been confided. This, then, we order to be done in conformity with that which hath been written: *In many words thou shalt not avoid sin;* and in another place: *Life and death are in the hands of the tongue.* In that discourse, therefore, we utterly prohibit scurrility and idle words moving unto laughter; and on going to bed, if any one among you hath uttered a foolish saying, we enjoin him, in all humility and with purity of devotion, to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

"To all the professed knights, both in winter and summer, we give, if they can be procured, WHITE GARMENTS, that those who have cast behind them a dark life, may know that they are to commend themselves to their Creator by a pure and white life. And, unless every knight shall continue chaste, he shall not come to perpetual rest, nor see God, as the Apostle Paul witnesseth: '*Follow after peace, with all men, and chastity, without which no man shall see God.*'

"Let all the esquires and retainers be clothed in black garments; but if such cannot be found, let them have what can be procured in the provinces where they live, so that they be of one color, and such as is of a meaner character, viz., brown. It is granted to none to wear WHITE habits, or to have white mantles, excepting the above-named knights of Christ. A red cross was added to this mantle in 1146.

"We will not that gold or silver, which is the mark of private wealth, should ever be seen on your bridles, breastplates, or spurs: nor should it be permitted to any brother to buy such. If, indeed, any such furniture shall have been charitably bestowed upon you, the gold and silver must be so colored that its splendor and beauty may not impart to the wearer an appearance of arrogance beyond his fellows.

"It is in nowise lawful for any of the brothers to receive letters from his parents, or from any man, or to send letters, without the license of the master or of the procurator. After the brother shall have had leave, they must be read in the presence of the master, if it so pleaseth him. If, indeed, anything whatever shall have been directed to him from his parents, let him not presume to receive it until information has been first given to the master. But in this regulation the master and procurator of the houses are not included.

"We forbid, and we resolutely condemn, all tales related by any brother, of the follies and irregularities of which he hath been guilty in the world, or in military matters, either with his brother or with any other man.

"If any gift shall be made to a brother, let it be taken to the master or the treasurer. If, indeed, his friend or his parent will consent to make the gift only on condition that he useth it himself, he must not receive it until permission hath been obtained from the master. And whosoever shall have received a present, let it not grieve him if it be given to another; let him know assuredly that, if he be angry at it, he striveth against God.

"We are of opinion that none of you should dare to follow the sport of catching one bird with another; for it is not agreeable unto religion for you to be addicted unto worldly delights, but rather willingly to hear the precepts of the Lord, constantly to kneel down to prayer, and daily to confess your sins before God with sighs and tears. Let no brother for the above special reason presume to go forth with a man following such diversions with a hawk, or any other bird.

"Forasmuch as it becometh all religious to behave decently and humbly, without laughter, and to speak sparingly but sensibly, but not in a loud tone, we specially command and direct every professed brother that he venture not to shoot in the woods, either with a long-bow or a cross-bow; and, for the same reason, that he venture not to accom-

pany another who shall do the like, except it be for the purpose of protecting him from the perfidious infidel; neither shall he dare to halloo, or talk to a dog; nor shall he spur his horse with a desire of securing his game.

"Under Divine Providence, as we do believe, this new kind of religion was introduced by you in the holy places, that is to say, the union of WARFARE and RELIGION, so that religion, being armed, maketh her way by the sword, and smiteth the enemy without sin: Therefore, we do rightly adjudge, since ye are called KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE, that for your renowned merit, and especial gift of godliness, ye ought to have lands and men, and possess husbandmen, and justly govern them, and the customary services ought to be specially rendered unto you.

"We permit you to have married brothers in this manner, if such should seek to participate in the benefits of your fraternity. Let both the man and his wife grant, from and after their death, their respective portions of property, and whatever more they acquire in after-life, to the unity of the common chapter; and in the interim let them exercise an honest life, and do good to the brethren; but they are not permitted to appear in the white habit and white mantle.

"It is, moreover, exceedingly dangerous to join sisters with you in your holy profession, for the ancient enemy hath drawn many away from the right path to paradise through the society of women; therefore, dear brothers, that the flower of righteousness may alway flourish amongst you, let this custom be utterly done away with.

"The brothers, who are journeying through different provinces, should observe the rules so far as they are able, in their meat and drink; and let them attend to it in other matters, and live irreproachable, that they may get a good name out of doors. Let them not tarnish their religious purpose either by word or deed; let them afford to all with whom they may be associated an example of wisdom and a perseverance in all good works. Let him with whom they lodge be a man of the best repute; and, if it be possible, let not the house of the host on that night be without a light, lest the dark enemy (from whom God preserve us) should find some opportunity.

"Care must be taken that no brother, powerful or weak, strong or feeble, desirous of exalting himself, becoming proud by degrees, or, defending his own fault, remain unchastened. If he showeth a disposition to amend, let a stricter system of correction be added; but if, by godly admonition and earnest reasoning, he will not be amended, but will go on more and more, lifting himself up with pride, then let him be cast out of the holy flock in obedience to the Apostle.

"'*Take away evil from among you.*' It is necessary that from the society of the faithful brothers the dying sheep be removed. But let the master, *who ought to hold the staff and the rod in his hand*, that is to say, the staff that he support the infirmities of the weak, and the rod that he may with the zeal of rectitude strike down the vices of the delinquents; let him study with the council of the patriarch and with spiritual circumspection to act so that, as blessed Maximus saith:

"The sinner be not encouraged by easy lenity, nor hardened by immoderate severity. Lastly, we hold it dangerous to all religion, to gaze too much on the countenances of women; and, therefore, no brother shall presume to kiss, neither widow, nor virgin, nor mother, nor sister, nor aunt, nor any other woman. Let the knighthood of Christ shun feminine kisses, through which men have very often been drawn into danger, so that each, with a pure conscience and secure life, may be able to walk everlastingly in the sight of God."

Such are a few of the rules drawn up by the blessed Bernard, of Clairvaux, and every line bears the stamp of the spiritual and earnest soul of the holy reformer of the monastic orders.

With these rules, blessed and approved by a bull from the Pope, Hugh de Payens visited France and England, whence he carried large sums in gold and silver, besides the title-deeds of the Manor of Bistelesham, made to the Templars by Count Robert de Ferrara, and grant of the church of Langeforde in Bedfordshire, by Sir Swinn de Wahall and Sibylla his wife, and Walter their son. After these visits, and appointing a knight templar as the head of the order in England, who was called the Prior of the Temple, and was the procurator and vicegerent of the Master, he returned to Palestine. It was the duty of this officer, newly appointed in England, to manage the estates granted to the order, and transmit the revenues to Jerusalem. He was also delegated with the power of admitting members into the order, subject to the control of the Master, and he was also to provide means of travelling to such new members to

the East, in order that they might fulfil their duties. As the houses of the order increased in England, other subpriors had to be appointed, and the superior of the order in that country was called "Grand Prior," and afterwards Master of the Temple. The order created a wonderful enthusiasm all through Europe; princes and nobles, sovereigns and their subjects vied with each other in their donations to it. Many illustrious persons took the vows on their deathbed in order to be buried in the habit of the order; sovereign princes quitted their earthly diadems and enrolled themselves among the members of the order, bequeathing even their dominions to the Master and the brethren of the Temple. St. Bernard took up his powerful pen in their behalf, and set forth with eloquence and enthusiasm the spiritual advantages and blessings enjoyed by the military friars of the Temple over all warriors. On the return to the Holy Land of Hugh de Payens with a valiant band of newly elected Templars, mostly from France and England, they were greeted and welcomed warmly. Not long subsequent to his return the master died, after seeing his infant order already rich, powerful, and useful.

IV.

EARLY in the twelfth century a married couple of German pilgrims visited Jerusalem. Seeing that the Hospitallers were mostly French, English, and Italians, they feared that their own countrymen might be sometimes neglected, and therefore founded an hospital for Germans. This new institution was dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God, and placed under the jurisdiction of the Grand Master of St. John. The duties of the hospital were performed as in the case of that of St. John, by some Benedictine monks, assisted by a few devout pilgrims. The names of this devout couple an ungrateful posterity has neglected to preserve.

When the Holy City was recaptured by the Turkish army under Saladin, this charitable institution perished, and those who had been devoted to its duties sought the protection of the Christian army.

The majority of the German forces of the second crusade were led over the old route by Barbarossa; but some of them hurried to the ports of the Mediterranean, unwilling to be delayed by the tedium of a march across Hungary and the Greek Empire. Others had taken ship at their own ports, and sailed around the Spanish peninsula into the Mediterranean. Among these were the Earl of Holstein and his forces, who hastened to the siege of Acre. The masters of the Lubeck and Bremen vessels that had brought the latter forces, touched by the neglected and suffering state of the sick and wounded of the Christian army before Acre, made tents of their spare sails as an hospital for such as needed care.

When Duke Frederic of Swabia arrived before the city, he was so charmed with this act of charity, that he afforded the seafaring Good Samaritans all the assistance in his power; on their departure homeward these good men made over their impromptu hospital to Frederic's officers, and the little establishment was immediately enlarged. To the tent was now added a hut, with an adjoining chapel, built roughly of wood.

Among those who proffered their services in this new hospital as nurses were several of those of the German hospital, which had, as has been said before, been broken up at the capture of the city. Duke Frederic, as much delighted with what he had heard of this German hospital of St. Mary as he had been at the charitable efforts of the Lubeck and Bremen captains, conceived the idea of uniting the two

into a *German* institution of Knights Hospitallers, who might emulate the Knights of St. John.

The name of the new order was, "THE ORDER OF THE GERMAN HOUSE OF OUR LADY AT JERUSALEM." Rather a long and inconvenient appellation.

The idea gave general satisfaction; German knights offered themselves for the twofold duty of nursing and protecting pilgrims, and among these Heinrich von Walpott was chosen first Grand Master; an honor the memory of which the lineal descendants of the knight cherish carefully; the chief of the house is always a knight of the Teutonic order.

Frederic endowed the order with Mülhausen in his own duchy, besides attending to the immediate wants of his *protégés*. He interested his brother, the reigning Emperor Henry II, in the fortunes of the little band, and obtained for them the sanction of the Pope, Celestin III. To this pontiff, in 1193, the rules and regulations of the order, in which those of the Hospitallers and Templars were blended, were submitted, and received his approbation. He also prescribed their dress for them, which was black, with a white mantle, marked on the left shoulder with a black cross, edged with silver. The knights also bore this ensign with their arms upon a white field. Around their neck they wore a gold enamelled cross, surmounted by a helmet of massive gold, covered with a coating of dark-blue enamel, suspended by a black ribbon, richly watered, a little more than nine inches wide. This cross was changed frequently in size and shape, and John de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, in 1206, adorned it with a cross of gold.

The knights of the new order followed the fortunes of the crusaders, and their history is, for the next few years, that of the third and fourth Crusades.

Such were the origins of the three oldest of the military orders, organizations which showed that the spirit of religion was still the governing one in men's souls in spite of the overcoating of carelessness and license.

It was a strange compound of the chivalric and the Christian character:

> "The fine vocation of the sword and lance,
> With the gross aims and body-bending toil
> Of a poor brotherhood, who walk the earth
> Pitied."

So wrote one who could see no beauty in the devotion of man to his fellow-man, and who had forgotten, perhaps, the Scriptures: "WHATSOEVER YE HAVE DONE TO THE LEAST OF THESE, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

These religious orders of chivalry by their principles and conduct took a prominent part in the history of the world, for they were the firm and unswerving defence of the kingdom of Jerusalem during its existence. They were its regular militia, and maintained it in its sovereign's hands during the intervals between the Crusades. There was at all times a rivalry among them, sometimes a jealous one, which degenerated into feuds once in awhile, but the atabal of the Mussulman was never heard at the frontiers that the trumpets from every preceptory and commandery did not unite to answer the challenge.

The history of these orders is very interesting. At this time, when it is the boast of the age that it is one without faith, and without respect for holy things, when poor women are driven to the rostrum to proclaim to a sneering world their wrongs and clamor for redress, a redress unobtainable, they think, unless they draw themselves out of their natural seclusion and struggle for it hand to hand with their oppressors, it will be a pleasant relief to turn for awhile to those good old times when the single cry of a distressed female was sufficient to unsheath twenty swords; when the

armor, watched the previous night before the altar, was donned with the blessing of the priest, and the prayer that God also would bless it and make it an instrument of protection to widows and orphans, and to all the servants of God, against the tyrannies of pagans and other oppressors, to whom it was hoped it would appear as an instrument of terror. The young soldier took his oaths of chivalry to defend the Church, to attack the wicked, to respect the priesthood, and to protect women and the poor, to preserve the country in tranquillity, and to shed his blood to the last drop for his brethren.

Such was the spirit which animated men in the "dark ages." Many of these knights could not write their names, or read them when written; yet their swords never rested when there was a wrong to redress, and their prayers ascended from earnest hearts to the God they served so well. Can the same be said of those of this age of light?

CRUX FIDELIS.

O FAITHFUL CROSS, of trees the fairest!
O tree among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.

Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing!

O sing, my tongue, God's glory sing,
Triumphant palms and laurels bring;
That noblest victory proclaim,
Achieved upon the Cross of shame:
When earth's Redeemer gave his breath,
By immolation conquering death.

O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree, among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit such flowers.

Our lost progenitors, when God,
Beneath his dread avenging rod,
Saw planting first sin's upas root
On eating the forbidden fruit—
The pitying Lord this Holy Rood
Placed where the tree of evil stood.

Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing!

His work benign, of sovereign grace,
Ordained to save the human race,
In spite of hellish arts combined,
Wins heaven by arts in heaven designed.
From fiercest foes wrings holiest calm,
In deadliest wound pours healing balm.

O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree, among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.

For God's own Sacrifice sublime,
When came the dread appointed time,
Christ, from the Father's bosom torn,
Creator of the world, was born:
God, from a Virgin's womb, in tears,
A creature of the flesh appears.

Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven-upbearing!

Mere wailing babe to human eyes,
Lo! God in narrow manger lies;
His limbs in swathing bands enrolled,
His Virgin Mother's arms enfold.
Almighty!—feet, hands, tightly bound,
In lowly swaddling clothes enwound.

O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree, among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.

Already thirty years have shed
Their humble glory on his head,
When earth's Redeemer freely goes
Through death to dissipate our woes,
On Cross, by deadliest wrath assailed,
In awful immolation nailed.

Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing!

Behold him fainting—gall his drink:
His heart, his strength in anguish sink;
While nails, and spear, and thorn-crown wound,
His limbs in blood and water drowned:
Wherewith the sea, the stars, the earth,
Washed clean, resume their primal worth.

O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree, among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.

Bend low thy branches, lofty tree,
Let thy stiff sinews loosened be,
The native toughness of thy grain
Be melted 'neath so sweet a strain,
And gently stretch, on tender board,
The limbs of Heaven's Eternal Lord.

Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing.

Alone thou'rt worthy thus to bear
The Lamb, earth saving from despair;
Alone to form salvation's ark
For nations drowning in the dark—
Now safely borne across the flood,
Anointed by that paschal blood.

O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree, among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.

Now everlasting homage be
To God the Holy Trinity;
To Father and to Son, who meet
Coequal in the Paraclete:
The glory of whose triune name
Creation's thousand realms proclaim.

"BEFORE THE DAWN."

I.

THERE had been a grand funeral; items, a fashionable undertaker, unlimited hot-house flowers, irreproachably adorned pall-bearers, regulation carriages, a thousand dollar "casket," and a family vault. Then the rich man had been laid away out of mortal sight, and henceforth the name which had been all-powerful "on 'Change" would own but just enough place in this world to dwell on a marble tablet, under the words, "In memory of ——," and its power was at an end, unless, indeed, it left behind some loving heart, which might thrill and send up ready tears at sight of it there. So had death dethroned it for all but love. Did I say *all* but love? Nay, there was one place where the rich man's name lay written, ready to exercise for one more critical time its sway of old; one little place, not near so large as that accorded to it on the marble slab; a place at the foot of a document to be found hidden away in a well-secured safe, and, when brought to light, mighty to change the current of one young life, and to send a miracle of joy to others. This was the rich man's will.

"Inexplicable!"

"Amazing!"

"No one would have thought it!"

"*Something* under it!"

"William Noble never did that without reason!"

"They say his niece offended him at the end!"

"Of course people don't go and disinherit people without good cause!"

"Well, he took her from the lowest poverty, and these things never turn out well!"

"Lucy Westfort must have been guilty of something awful to be left so entirely out of his will!"

These and more of the same kind were the comments of an "enlightened public" on that last act of

power which the rich man's name had exercised with ruthless accuracy. You surely recognize the peculiar style of logic on which they were based, as you gather from them the fact that Lucy Westfort in the estimation of the speakers — they were legion—should have been the rich man's heiress, but unaccountable, unless by the supposed commission of some unworthy act, was not. That the rich man should have committed any *faux pas* whatever by which the mysterious state of affairs was brought about never occurred to one of the legion. So it grew to be quite a settled and understood fact that Lucy Westfort was a person to be avoided, to be held in contempt, and so immaculate is the world itself, to be placed outside the pale of its social inclosure. For had not William Noble been a rich man and a just man? Had he not "done everything" for her, and given the world to understand he regarded her as his own daughter, and was not that enough? She must, perforce, have committed some grave misstep. And if it had only been made public what became of the property of "the late" William Noble, the world would have been satisfied; but that remained a mystery. Beyond the fact that his valuable library, with its many valuable fixtures, and its cabinet of curiosities, was bequeathed to the University in his native city, at which he had been educated, nothing as to the disposal of his wealth was known, except to his executors and the disinherited. So on went the wonder till the customary "nine days" had expired, and then the world turned its attention to something else, and plunging Lucy Westfort into the obscurity to which suspicion and poverty had consigned her, forgot her there. Let us penetrate its shade.

II.

The family vault was beautiful, with vines climbing over its graceful marble pillars, and blossoms attempting entrance at its inimitably carved gate, which represented two angels in the perpetual act of barring out intruders. Alas! alas! the silent ones, who were admitted, brought an effectual permission to pass the angelic barrier — one not envied them, nor yet considered a boon. To this gate, every day since William Noble's mortal remains had found that ingress there, came, with soft footfall, a slight figure, draped in black; knelt where the moveless angels held their white bar; dropped some quiet tears, unaccompanied by any overpowering show of grief; laid with gesture of reverence some fresh flowers; kissed the cold and shining bar the angels held; and, giving a wistful look behind, glided away with step more like a spirit than anything mortal. So the rich man evidently had some one to place love's offering at the shining gate. There was one faithful heart over which the name, soon to be cut in marble, would own tender power. There was one left to mourn his death; one fountain of gentle tears to "keep his memory green." Well, this was, strange to say, Lucy Westfort. Did not the world, which had been deciding on her position, hear of it? Oh! you know, that part of the world, which sits in such judgment, even in spirit, avoids the city of death. That is a spot of earth it naturally ignores till compelled to recognize its existence. So it did not hear of this watch of love around the rich man's grave kept by the disinherited; and less did it know that one word, unheard by earthly ears, but echoed loud in heaven, where its full meaning could alone be understood, fell daily from those otherwise silent lips as they were pressed to the bar. That word was "atoned!" Whereof the explanation lies in the present simple story.

One day there was a silent spectator to her quiet visit to the family vault. This spectator approached the

place quickly, but, at sight of her, stopped and stood rooted to the spot, gazing on her as if she were some apparition. He was a man in his prime, with a keen business face, the hard lines of which softened perceptibly as he looked, and the piercing gray eyes of which lost their habitual sharpness of glance in the palpable amazement, mixed with pity, which rose to them as they rested on her. She stood up to go, and he quickly turned away and walked in an opposite direction from that taken by her, reaching the family vault by a much more circuitous route than he had intended originally. He stood for some moments where she had knelt lost in thought, and then took up one at least of the world's cries by ejaculating in a short, dry tone:

"Inexplicable!"

Then, turning on his heel, he was about to go, when he saw a dainty glove lying on his path. He picked it up, looked at it a few moments with a gentle look, then smoothed it out on his broad palm.

"This—to work for bread!" he soliloquized, "it is impossible!"

Then he placed it carefully in his pocket, and, after calling one of the workmen about the place, and giving him some directions, he proceeded to follow the footsteps of Lucy Westfort. This was Robert Stephens, one of William Noble's executors.

He followed her footsteps so well, that he arrived at her door—the door of an humble frame cottage, within a stone's throw of the magnificent mansion where she had lived with her uncle—just as she laid her hand on the knob to open it.

"Good-evening, Miss Westfort," in short, dry tones.

She turned. It was a gracious and sweet face that shone on him through the folds of the black veil, but a face that retired quickly to itself, seeing his rather eager gaze.

"May I see you for a few moments, Miss Westfort?" he asked, before she could speak.

"Certainly, Mr. Stephens; come in."

"Here is something I found, Miss Westfort."

She took the glove from his hand, and a rose softly fixed itself on her cheeks, as she answered:

"Thank you, Mr. Stephens."

"You know *where* I found it, Miss Westfort."

The rose took a deeper glow.

"I know," she said.

"Excuse me, Miss Westfort, but seeing you there has made me come and ask you a few questions. Being one of Mr. Noble's executors, I hope you will excuse any apparent intrusion on your private affairs, which, I assure you, I don't intend."

"I can readily believe that, sir," was the ready answer.

"The late Mr. Noble," he went on, "was a man of integrity and a just man. That he should have left you out of his will without full cause is simply impossible."

"He had full cause." This was said with lips that trembled some, and that would have trembled more, but that they were under strong control. The roses fled from the cheeks, fled utterly, and whiteness, deadly and uncontrollable, took their place. Yet no look of guilt or remorse, such as might have been expected to accompany the words, came over that young face. In the very whiteness dwelt a strange calm, and a world of resignation in the eyes, so sweet, so suffering.

Now this visitor was a lawyer, celebrated alike for his legal sharpness and his skill in examining witnesses; in extracting the truth from the most cunning evaders of it; in compelling liars to contradict themselves, and honest men to stick to the first statement, spite of his "learned friend" on the opposite side. To have baffled him in giving testimony would have been to work a marvel of the most incredible nature, and

would have won for the worker thereof an unbounded distinction. Nevertheless before Lucy Westfort's reply he sat evidently baffled, reduced even to his wonderful wits' end, unable to propound his next question. And she said no more. So a silence ensued, rather awkward on both sides, as such silence must necessarily be, and after lasting some minutes, during which he contemplated with undivided attention the utter unexpectedness of her words, he broke it just as awkwardly as it could well be broken, by saying:

"I never expected that reply from you, Miss Westfort, for, seeing you —where I found the glove—led me to hope you and the late Mr. Noble had no quarrel."

"And we had no quarrel, either, Mr. Stephens," she said so calmly, that he again sat a few moments, most undoubtedly baffled. Then she, perceiving how awkwardly he managed the business for which he had come, said gently:

"My uncle's memory, Mr. Stephens, is dearer to me than if he had made me heiress of all he owned. He was not angry with me when he left me out of his will."

"The world thinks so, then," said the man of business, "and, excuse me, but it is only natural for any one in possession of the facts to think so."

"What are the facts?" It was such a quiet question, and so quietly put, yet it startled him as a thunderbolt might have done. For, in the moment, it occurred to his keen perception, how far from facts the world might be.

"The facts!" he repeated, doubtfully: "First, the late William Noble brought you up as his own child, gave you every advantage of education and position, and fitted you to fill the place accorded to you in society as his adopted daughter."

"True, most true," she said, her quiet manner unchanged, save by a look of tenderness for the dead stealing over the face.

"Then, he gave you to understand, and gave the world to understand, you were to be his heiress."

"That is a mistake," she said, simply.

"A mistake!" Undoubtedly the legal mind trod a labyrinth now, was lost therein, was, for the time being, helpless and stunned.

"My uncle," said the quiet girl, growing quieter with every word it seemed to him, "never, in all the course of his great kindness to me, said once, or insinuated once, that I would be his heiress. As to giving the world to understand it, I do not believe one person living can say he asserted it to him."

Here were "facts" scattered unsparingly to the winds! And, as if to prevent even their mutilated fragments from being gathered for any future use whatsoever, the calm voice, whose calmness thrilled him as no display of emotion could have done, proceeded to add:

"On the contrary, Mr. Stephens, my uncle always taught me to understand that my advantages of education might be necessary some day as a means of earning my bread, and now the day has come."

The last words were said in a tone of undoubted conviction, and with an involuntary folding of the arms, that spoke determination in itself. Mr. Stephens having been allowed a respite by this time, in which to collect his bewildered senses, now came to the point, and spoke from the depths of the labyrinth:

"Well, Miss Westfort, I confess myself unutterably astonished at this, but a fact remains which cannot be gainsaid, unfortunately for you. That is, the late William Noble's will, a will by which you are debarred from all the luxuries and all the delicacies to which you were accustomed from early childhood."

"That remains, must remain, un-

changed." This was her sole reply, in the tone of quiet conviction again used.

"No, Miss Westfort. That is precisely what I came to say to you. Let me advise you to break this will, which, to all appearance at least, conflicts with justice, and which, taken to any court, most probably will not hold. I will do all I can to further your case, and it is much the best course you can take."

"You are kind, Mr. Stephens," and the quiet voice was as quiet as ever, while it made its renunciation; "but my uncle's will is so sacred to me, simply because *he made it*, that I would not permit much less ask any court to break it."

"Consider the matter, Miss Westfort, and after due consideration, I am sure you will give another answer. The late William Noble did not reflect on the difficulties which beset the path of a girl reared as you have been, in making her way through the world, or he would have made a different will."

"He considered everything," she said slowly, "and, Mr. Stephens, there is no difficulty can beset my path against which Divine Providence has not appointed some sure weapon of defence. This was the great lesson he taught me, while he brought me up as his own child."

"Beautiful in theory," said the keen man of the world, "but give me, as a preservative of your future, all that is lost to you, by this inexplicable will of his!"

Now the quiet of the girl's manner was broken; now a ripple of emotion surged over the calm of her face, and left its image in her quickly suffused eyes, which, drooping, as she answered him, added to the effect of her heart-wrung words.

"Ah! Mr. Stephens, I have lost but one thing by my uncle's death, worthy of a regret or a tear, his noble, beautiful, changeless love; yes, thank God, changeless to the end!"

And after a few moments of silence on his part, silence produced by the fact that he found it impossible to speak, she added:

"For the rest I am ready to take up the burden imposed on me by his will, a burden not so great when you consider that I have only myself to support. Many women, just as delicately reared as I, have to work for a whole family, and succeed in keeping them from want. I certainly ought to be able to do it for one person."

"Well," and he stood up to go, with a vague feeling that some unknown power placed this girl quite beyond influence like his, "consider the matter. Let us not call this a decision. The bulk of the late William Noble's property, being left to a person or persons unknown, may lie idle for years. If you break the will, you will most probably be allowed the legal portion assigned to the nearest relation, for such you are, undoubtedly. Of course we'll take all proper steps to find this fortunate legatee, but it may be slow work. Meanwhile—"

"My uncle's last wishes will be carried out by me to the letter," she quietly put in.

"Yet he left you nothing, if we except the old desk, perfectly empty, which you have for a keepsake!"

"His own desk, Mr. Stephens, which he used for years, and on which I was wont to climb, when a little child, for his kisses and caresses. It was dearer to me than anything he could have given me."

When, after some more representations and arguments, kindly meant, but lost upon her, he left, the quiet girl retired to another room, and laying down her head upon the old desk of which they had spoken, fell into a fit of weeping, quiet like all of her actions, but they were tears which dropped all the same. When it was over:

"Yes," she said, "it is a dark hour, but God looks into its darkness, and out of it will rise a dawn."

And with these words for her guide, she took up her burden, and began to tread the path so full of difficulties to one like her.

III.

"INFORMATION WANTED. — Of Miles Lester, whose family left P—— about thirty years ago. By replying immediately to this advertisement, he will hear of something to his advantage. Address, L. B., 888, etc., etc."

Of the ten thousand who read this very ordinary paragraph, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine tossed it aside, with the devout desire of being Miles Lester, of course set round with many surmises as to what the something to his advantage might be. The ten-thousandth was a man of twenty-five or thereabouts, sitting at breakfast in a shabby room, and enveloped in a well-worn dressing-gown. He had a face eminently suggestive of mind, and an eye equally so of heart, and when he read it first, smiled an amused, incredulous smile, and then he read it over again.

"Ida, my dear," said he, then, to a young girl sewing at a window, "do you think this could, by any altogether unparalleled turn of affairs, be your humble servant?"

He handed it to her, and she read it, with a lovely glow rising over her face, which was lovely in itself as she did so.

"Oh if it should be, Miles!" she cried with the eagerness belonging to youth alone, "and if—"

"Now wait a minute, little girl," said he, "and let us consider the question. If that something were merely something in plain and unvarnished language, I'd say I'm Miles Lester. But as it's something to that required individual's advantage, it would seem more natural to say I can't possibly be Miles Lester. Anything to *my* advantage seeming entirely out of the question for such an unlucky creature."

"But," cried the young girl, her eagerness not one whit abated by this half comic half desponding speech, "I always knew, Miles, that you deserved success."

"Don't know about that either, small one," said he, with a most luminous and uncompromising smile, that would assert itself, spite of any dampening circumstances; "it has always seemed to me I ought to have compelled success. But I didn't, though, you know, I'm not an idle fellow, or a lazy fellow, or yet a sporting fellow, as the saying goes."

"No," and she threw down her work, and caught him round the neck with both arms, "but a dear fellow, who deprives himself of everything, to keep his mother and sister from suffering; a noble fellow, too high-minded to stoop to mean things in order to make money; a grand fellow, whose brain is above petty trading, and whose heart is beyond mean saving—"

(The above dash represents the placing of his hand over her rosy lips.)

"Stop, or you'll put me past all recognition! Gad! I'm in a fine fix; I go to you to try to be identified, and you clothe me in all the colors of the rainbow, to the utter annihilation of myself proper."

"But if it be I as I suppose it be—"

"I have a — perfectly unprejudiced mother — at home, and she knows me!"

"Here, my compliments to mother, with this paper, Miss Lester, and ask her if after an impartial consideration of the indicated paragraph, she thinks I *could* be Miles Lester, a personage whom I have had heretofore every reason to suppose myself. Add that, if with the unprecedented something to his advantage tacked on to the name, she,

whose unerring judgment has never yet been found wanting, will bear witness I'm the man, I'll proceed to address 'L. B., 888, etc., etc.,' without delay."

She took the paper from his hand and disappeared, he soliloquizing meanwhile:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

Also, on quite as good authority,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

"These considered, it would not be impossible for me to turn out—Miles Lester. Precious 'rough hewing,' *I* have been giving to all my 'ends,' so far. Let us hope, for their sakes, who have to share my fate, and who deserve a better, that Divine hands are about to shape them anew!"

Now his messenger returned, looking very much agitated indeed:

"Mother says you are to come to her bedside—this advertisement has affected her strangely."

"Not injured her, I hope, Ida?"

"No; she is glad."

It was a beautiful room, quite unlike the one they had just left, which they entered together now; a beautiful room, elegantly furnished, and as full of brightness and comfort as love, with money for its aid, could make it. The windows were little palaces of bloom and fragrance, so filled were they with flowering plants, and here and there amongst their branches hung gilded cages, where tiny captives spent their lives in song, which lost itself upon the perfumed air. Costly pictures hung on the walls, each one speaking some living poem to the gazer, and the footstep entering that lovely room sunk in what seemed verily the green moss of the forest spread there, with now and then a spray of some delicate wild vine dropped on it by chance. But not all the beauty of the room could draw the attention from one object set mercilessly there—a low, white-covered couch, holding on its snowy pillows a perpetual invalid, a woman, faded with the touch of pain, but faded as the royal lily fades, with all the impress of beauty and queenliness still on the withered remains of what once was fairest and loftiest amongst flowers. To this couch came Miles Lester, with beautiful look of tenderness on the face, magnificent in manly resemblance to this fading one, and kissing the wasted hand extended to him said, with indescribable tone of love:

"I would not have disturbed you so for the world, mother. I would not come myself at first lest I should disturb you."

But she drew him close to her with the wasted hand.

"Dear," she said, with ecstasy in the voice, "I believe you are about to get your rights at last—at last!"

The glad voice sunk to a whisper in the repetition, and she closed her eyes.

"Some wine, Ida," said he.

They gave it to her, and then she looked up with a tender smile:

"I knew," she said softly, "that God would never let your devotion to your mother go unrewarded, and now I believe—oh, dear God! if this should be a delusion—look Miles, look over that paper, and see if any—any death is recorded there."

He looked, he read, at the head of the list:

"'Noble, William. Died, June —th; aged 55 years.'"

"It is not a delusion," she said, but then she covered up her face.

"Leave me," she whispered after a few moments of silence. "I must be alone with this—there is grief as well as joy to battle with. You can come back in an hour. No," seeing they hesitated, "I am not weak; you need not fear. Go children. God will be with me."

So they obeyed.

"Now, Miles," no matter what

comes out of this, I want a promise," said Ida.

"Well, small one!"

"You'll never tell mother how—how shabby this part of the house was."

"Never!"

"Or that I did the work, and only pretended about the servant."

"Never!"

"Or that I didn't go out riding at all, and seldom took a walk, for fear that she should ring and no one would answer."

"Never!"

"Or above all—Now, Miles, I know you'll laugh, but it's got to be said—"

"That you sent away poor Laurence with a broken heart because you wouldn't give up mother for him. Oh, little, brave, generous sister, never, never!"

"But," with face all aglow, "you might think, Miles, if—if a change came in our fortunes that it would only be right to tell mother all these things—and I know *you* admire them, but she'd never, never think them anything but deceitful, and, indeed, only I can speak of them in my prayers when I am kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, I'd be afraid they were deceitful too."

"Of the kind," said Miles, in an exceedingly shaky tone, "on which the 'recording angel drops a tear, and blots it out forever'—that is providing there be any kind at all, which I don't admit."

"Well, we'll not fight about that, if you never tell. Now go and take a smoke, and look over the *Review*, which came last night, of course, and I'll be fixing up a few little things here, and if mother rings I'll call you."

So he departed to another room, this time a very bare one, with scarcely a vestige of comfort, had it not been for the presence of an easy-chair, with rest for writing and reading attached, and a pair of slippers at one of its four-castored feet. This he stood regarding silently, till tears began to gather in his kind and velvety-brown eyes, and these were about to avail themselves of the advantages of that attraction which Sir Isaac Newton discovered, when he ruthlessly dashed them away with the back of his hand, saying:

"Get out of that! How *can* you come from the eyes of such a monster of depravity? Gad! I felt like an escaped convict, to put it very mildly, when the poor little thing was talking about deceit. Deceit, heavens! Behold this for a mere sample!"

He took a beautiful pipe, meerschaum, with silver mountings and amber mouth-piece, and placing therein a morsel of tobacco, set it on fire, and let its modicum of smoke pervade the apartment, which it did quite as completely as if he had been smoking for an hour. Then he proceeded to manufacture out of paper, a pile of ashes left carelessly on the table, in order to further heighten the effect.

"And this is smoking, and oh! grand easy-chair, purchased for unworthy me, by the poor little thing doing without her one luxury of reading, in you did this subterfuge find birth. You, oh, *Review*, what wisdom do I cull from your delusive cover!"

He took up a package directed to himself in magazine wrapper, duly stamped, and postmarked.

"What wisdom of self-denial, what depth of contentment, all drawn from the simple heart which fears its loftiest acts might hold deceit!"

From all of which the reader will infer that if the advertisement held anything to Miles Lester's advantage, or, by right of kinship, anything to his mother's or sister's advantage, all three deserved it.

He now proceeded to uncover a veiled easel, and sat down to work upon a picture, which represented a figure of a transcendently lovely female, blindfolded, and groping for

a crown of gems lying just at her feet, but which she vainly tried to reach.

"In the dark," he said, a tinge of bitterness dwelling in his usually cheerful tones, "and like myself, you can never find the crown, grope eagerly as you may! Fitting subject for artist, baffled as I have been!"

So he was Miles Lester, and an unsuccessful genius, and called upon to hear of something to his advantage. You can easily infer all that.

IV.

"THEREFORE I devise and bequeath to said Miles Lester, all my property without reserve, recommending him, however, to follow the suggestion contained in a paper, which my executors will hand him after his accession to my estate."

These were the words at which Miles Lester sat speechless, as being contained in the will of "the late William Noble," of moneyed fame. Not a word as to the reason of the "therefore," not an explanation of this something so very unmistakably to his advantage. Merely an accurate description of Miles Lester's antecedents, and the most probable way of finding his whereabouts.

It was after he had been installed as proprietor of the late William Noble's estate, that the paper containing the suggestion was handed him. It said:

"The property to which you, unexpectedly to yourself, will succeed, is given to you as an act of tardy justice for a wrong done your father in time long past. It is given at the desire of one who might have possessed it herself, but for her high sense of honor. This is my niece, Lucy Westfort, whom I brought up as my own child, and whom I would have made my sole heiress, but who, finding out from my own ravings during sickness that I had been guilty of this wrong, prevailed on me to make this will in your favor. I leave her nothing, because she has persuaded me I really have no right to give away what became mine by fraud and revenge, but I suggest that you give her, of your own free will and from your own sense of justice, enough to keep her from any bitter struggle for a livelihood. And this I do without her knowledge."

The man who had done without smoking, and constructed delusive magazines to make the "poor little thing" think he was enjoying what he could not afford to get, sat with tears dropping on the paper. Then he handed it to the invalid, lying watching him eagerly.

"Explain the wrong, mother," he said; "was it so great as to require all his property to repay for it?"

"Aye, and ten thousand times his property, and then it would not be paid."

"Mother!"

"Can money bring back a life for a moment?" she asked passionately. "Oh Miles, I would give all you possess now, ten times over, if I could, for one word from the sweet lips hushed forever, anything, anything this earth holds, for five minutes of your father's life vouchsafed me once more!"

"How you must have loved him!" involuntarily fell from his lips.

"Loved—love him, the grave cannot alter that! Listen, and do not think William Noble has overpaid his debt. When we were young, he and your father were friends, and both loved me. When William Noble found his friend preferred, he turned upon him, and accused him of a base crime, which cost him his position and his name."

"The crime, mother?"

"He was agent for a large express office, and he accused him of opening money packages, and substituting spurious for genuine money. That it had been done there was no doubt, but how could not be ac-

counted for. The matter was hushed up, as far as the law was concerned, by your father sacrificing all he owned to pay the loss to the company. He escaped the penitentiary by this, but was discharged from the position, which was given to William Noble instead; his good name forever gone; and, though innocent, a blight upon his life, that nothing ever had the power to remove. I—I followed him, my dear, to share his fortunes in a strange place, and we were poor, but that would have been no trial, if God had only spared him to me. But I could see all along that his cross was weighing too heavily on him, and one day, as he stooped over Ida to kiss her in her cradle, before he went out, he sunk on his knees, and thus I found him, life gone. They called it heart disease, but I think his heart literally broke in that hour."

"And you, my mother," kneeling and fervently kissing her hand, "worked for us, till you lost your health, and now, when prosperity has come, you cannot enjoy it."

"All that is of the divine ordering, my dear. To have succeeded in bringing you up, worthy of your father, was quite as lofty a mission as I could have desired on earth, the only one worth living for when he was gone. And it is by some touch of the same divine hand that this restitution has come about. It is all we have to prove William Noble's guilt; let us dwell lightly on that. This Lucy Westfort is his sister's only child, both of her parents dead years ago. Some of the property should, by right, be hers, therefore."

"She must be found."

V.

It was three years before she was found, however, and then it happened in this wise:

Miles Lester could never entirely give up his artist-dream of fame, which money had not brought him. Therefore, by fits and starts, he finished the picture, whereof mention has been made before in this story; took it to an art exhibition at a distant city, and labelled it "The Darkest Hour." Having been literally wrung from his heart, he hoped it would prove a success.

"Strange," said a director of the exhibition, "we have a companion-picture for that by another hand—a lady's, 'Before the Dawn.'"

It was fine beyond all description, an indistinct landscape exquisitely pencilled; a white-robed figure in weary attitude, looking out along a road; one rosy ray of light, piercing the gloom, and just about to burst upon a beautiful mansion with flower-crowned gates wide open, and white arms of angels extended to receive the traveller, unconscious that rest is so near, till that ray of dawn has done its wondrous work.

"So marvellously painted, one feels inclined to wait till the light comes!" said Miles Lester, enthusiastically. "What a lesson for the human soul! Who is the lady?"

"A Miss Westfort, a stranger here, and a lady of singular talent. Wait, there she comes. I will introduce her. She is a person worth knowing I assure you; a person who has won great fame as an artist in a short time, though she began here only as a teacher of drawing."

Miles Lester turned, and watched the advancing figure of the person he had vainly sought for so long; the person he had adjured in advertisements under plea of "something to her advantage;" the person he had grown to consider a myth, though tangible, and eagerly cherished, and furtively admired evidences that she once had been, confronted him everywhere, in the mansion of the late William Noble. He—well, what is the use of prolonging this narration unnecessarily, especially when I know my readers are so intelligent; he had been losing his heart to the

myth for some time, and now he lost it to the advancing reality.

Which state of affairs effectually put a stop to any trouble about the suggestion in the will, for when said suggestion was carried out, it was included in an account of a certain fashionable wedding, under the caption of presents, and averred that the "happy bridegroom" had presented the "lovely bride" with a private purse of $50,000 as a wedding-gift.

So you see it did not make so very much difference after all, about the inexplicable will of the late William Noble. The "fortunate legatee" avers to this day, that the best fortune it brought to him, was his meeting with the *artiste* of the wonderful picture, which made famous the name of Mrs. Miles Lester.

As for the "poor, little thing," she, too, had a wedding one fair morning; for—

"Now, you know, Laurence," she said, "I have time to be married."

THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

If the traveller who journeys from Ancona to Rimini by the railroad, which lies along the shore of the Adriatic, looks towards the west as he is nearing the city of Rimini, he will see, some miles away in the distance, an isolated mountain with a jagged irregular summit divided into three chief peaks or crests. This mountain, which is a spur of the Apennines, is called San Marino. It is the centre of the small Republic, the citizens of which dwell partly in the town which is perched on the top of the mountain, partly in the suburbs, which are situated half way up the mountain, whilst many live in the country districts, in the hamlets or villages that are scattered over the territory of San Marino.

This territory covers an extent of about twenty square miles, of which the mountain and city of San Marino is the centre. From Rimini a charming drive of thirteen miles takes us to San Marino. The carriages still in use are of the heavy, old-fashioned post-chaise description, but the horses, with their quaint necklaces of tinkling bells, run merrily along, through a fertile and well-cultivated country, over an undulating road amidst rounded knolls and vine-clad hills, until at length, when nearing San Marino, owing to the increasing steepness of the ascent, a pair of the large white oxen of the country have to be yoked in front of the chaise. The pace thenceforward becomes slow and funereal, giving the traveller abundant leisure to survey the great outpost of the Apennines which is before him. The precipitous mountain, with its three peaks crowned by embattled towers, appears completely to dwarf, by its proportions, the surrounding hills, whilst its steep, perpendicular side seems to defy either man or beast to approach its summit. The ascent, however, is easily made along the further or southern side of the mountain, where the slope is by no means so abrupt. When within about five miles from the foot of the mountain, on passing a bridge over a small stream, a boundary-stone in the middle of the bridge is pointed out as marking the limit of the Republic in this direction. The traveller is

now within the territory of the most ancient Republic in the world, and though it is larger in extent of territory than some of the famous republics of ancient Greece, it yet does not equal in size the smallest of our English counties. It is interesting, therefore, to notice the country and the people as the chaise moves sluggishly along. The peasants who are met driving their lazy teams of oxen have an air of cheerful contentment about them. Women are seated outside their cottages, spinning with the distaff as they mind a baby asleep in its wicker cradle, or keep an eye upon some young urchins of the family at play close by. A girl is in care of some sheep that are browsing near a vineyard, and she too is busy with her distaff. The tall vine plants, with their now sear and yellow October leaves, are drooping from the orchard trees, hiding the rich clusters of purple grapes that hang beneath. Long and narrow carts with ponderous wheels are met along the road, bearing each a single vat filled with grapes just gathered, and the slow-paced oxen are dragging lazily the heavy load towards the neighboring homestead. When the foot of the mountain is reached, the traveller passes the Borgo, a suburb of seven hundred inhabitants, which lies screened and sheltered beneath the overhanging rock on which the city of San Marino is perched. The road winds through and round the Borgo, and then continues its serpentine ascent for about two miles, till it terminates in the town on the summit of the mountain.

There is nothing in the general appearance of the town to remind the visitor that he is in the midst of a Republic whose existence has been continued through one thousand four hundred years. The houses are like those with which he is familiar elsewhere in Italy; the streets are narrow, roughly paved, and generally so steep, that even a mule must proceed with caution. A small piazza, with an ancient-looking building at one end—the Palazzo of the Grand Council—is the chief square of the city. Passing thence by a narrow lane which leads to a yet higher level, the visitor arrives at a well-paved esplanade, at the further end of which he sees the plebale, or parish church of the town, a Grecian building of recent construction. Mounting still higher, up a narrow alley, he reaches the house of the late Chevalier Borghese, and there obtains the key of a gate which leads from the alley on to a garden terrace planted with hardy shrubs and evergreens. This terrace overlooks the edge of a terrific precipice with a sheer fall of eight hundred feet down a steep natural wall of rock, which forms the northern side of the mountain on which the city stands. The terrace is fenced from danger by a low parapet wall, and, as the mountain is two thousand four hundred and twenty-seven feet above the level of the sea, the view over this parapet wall is one of great extent and variety, reaching even across the Adriatic Sea, which lies extended in a broad expanse along the northeast horizon, and in favorable weather the mountains of Dalmatia and the islands on its coast are visible. Nearer to the spectator, but beyond the wavy uplands and vine-clad hills which are lying below, may be seen, some thirteen miles away, a grayish-looking patch of houses, the city of Rimini, on the Adriatic shore. To the right, still along the Adriatic, the town of Pesaro is visible, about twelve miles from Rimini, and even Fano, some ten miles beyond Pesaro, can be sighted towards the southeast on a clear day.

On looking to the left of Rimini, along the Adriatic coast towards Ravenna, a small town named Cesenatico may be descried near the shore, about twelve miles north of Rimini. Not far from this town the old historic Rubicon is flowing in a turbid torrent to the sea, and further still

in the same direction the dark patch of pine forest which skirts the Adriatic for twenty-five miles, from Cervia to the Lamone, north of Ravenna, is plainly visible for a part of its extent. This forest in ancient times supplied Rome with timber for her fleets, and in more recent days it has been celebrated by the verses of Dante, Boccaccio, Dryden, and Byron.

On turning to the opposite or northwestern side of the terrace, the view is not so extensive, although it is very magnificent, for the Tuscan Apennines in bold outline border the northwestern, and the Carpegna range the western, horizon, whilst hills of various forms and size, many of them cultivated up to their very summits, cover the foreground of the scene.

The citizen of San Marino may well be proud of the extensive prospect which he enjoys from the walls of his native town, but he is prouder still of his privileges as a member of its Republic. The name of Liberty is above the gates of his city, and for him its name is no empty sound. The liberty which is his birthright secures to him the produce of his toil, and exempts him from the despotic exactions which enthral his neighbor. The blessings of heaven, the corn, the wine, and the oil, come to his home untaxed by the merciless legislation to which the rest of Italy is now enslaved. The profits from his trade or his toil are his own, and no government official comes to him in the name of the law to rob him of more than half his earnings. The taxes that he pays rarely reach to three per cent. on his whole property, whilst his neighbors in Italy are paying as much as forty-eight per cent. on their property and income. He sees the grown-up sons of united Italy dragged by force from their homes into the cruel slavery of military service, compelled, in the prime of their youth, to unavoidable enlistment in a troop or in a regiment in which the total neglect of the worship of God and of the Sacraments is not only connived at, but usually encouraged—in an army without chaplains or any religious service, and amongst companions whose ribald language and irreligious jests replace the pious precepts of Christian parents and of a Christian home. The republican of San Marino fears no such ruin for his children. No iron hand of a ruthless legislation tears from him his stalwart sons to wear away in barracks or in drill the springtime of their manhood. They are reared at his side in habits of steady industry, happy and unspoilt amidst the pious traditions of faithful generations, and are with him his comfort and his aid in his declining years.

The reader will naturally be led to inquire into the causes and circumstances which have had their influence in perpetuating the continuance of this Republic of San Marino through so many centuries, and in making it such an oasis of exemptions in the midst of a country that is to-day flooded with excessive taxation and oppressed by the galling obligation of military service.

Various causes have no doubt had their effect in preserving to San Marino its independence through so many ages, and in preventing its dismemberment or absorption into the dominion of some powerful neighbor.

Amongst these causes the first place has been assigned, by a distinguished author, to the sacred traditions perpetuated at San Marino, through succeeding centuries, in connection with the Saint who is the Founder and Patron of the Republic.

Towards the close of the fourth century, a holy man named Marino had attracted around his hermitage, on the summit of the mountain, then called Titano, a small number of faithful companions, who emulated his spirit of recollection and prayer,

and willingly placed themselves under his direction as to their mode and rule of life. Marino combined in his rule much manual labor with the exercises of prayer and devout meditation. He was skilled as a worker in stone, and he soon, with the help of his companions, erected, by quarrying from the calcareous rock of which the mountain is composed, a number of small houses, which eventually became the nucleus of a small town, so secure from its lofty and precipitous position, that a handful of brave men could easily defend it against a host of invaders. Marino's zeal and capacity for imparting religious instruction led him to devote much of his time in catechizing the rude and ignorant peasants of the surrounding districts; and soon the fame of his apostolical labors induced Gaudentius, the Bishop of Rimini, to ordain him deacon in order to increase the efficiency of his instructions. The exact date of his death is not known, but his remains were reported by tradition to rest on the mountain which he had made his home, and which, in the course of succeeding centuries, was called by his venerated name when the hermitages on its summit had been inclosed within a battlemented precinct, and the fortified town had become a place of importance from the independent character of its hardy inhabitants.*

In the year 1586 the body of the Saint was found beneath the high altar of the parish church. The detailed account of the discovery is given by the Bollandists on September 4th. In this church a lamp constantly burning before the shrine of the Saint has been maintained for centuries at the expense of the Republic. Below the image of the Saint in the church is the inscription, "Auctori perpetuæ libertatis suæ Divo Marino protectori, Respublica S. Marini fieri curavit, anno MDCII, et die 2 mensis Septembris." Suspended near the altar rails is the prayer which from time immemorial has been in use in honor of the Saint—

Hail, holy father, flame of charity, mirror of penance, bulwark of chastity, the glory of Mount Titano, preacher of the Gospel, founder of our liberty, look down upon thy family, take up thy arms and thy shield, arise and come to our assistance, that the enemies of our souls and bodies being overthrown, we may be able to triumph with thee in heaven.

Let us pray.

O God, who has bestowed temporal liberty upon us through the merits of Blessed Marino, grant propitiously that by his intercession we may be free from all sins and may obtain that liberty which is eternal, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The image of the saintly founder and protector of their Republic is before the citizens, not only in the church, but in the Council Hall of the state, and the festival of the Saint is kept with the greatest solemnity, both in the town and throughout the territory of San Marino, on the 3d of September. But in addition to the halo of veneration which has surrounded, from time immemorial, the laws and usages of the Republic in connection with the sainted memory of its founder, another very important element deserves consideration in any inquiry regarding the causes of its duration, viz., the constitution of the Republic itself, matured as it has been by the experience and confirmed by the prestige of ages.

The constitution of the Republic is such that the chief power is neither monopolized by an oligarchy, nor weakened by excessive diffusion amongst the ranks of an injudicious or tumultuous democracy. During the course of its long existence, extending over a period of more than one thousand four hundred years, many changes have, of course, been made in its code, which have affected either its penal enactments in cases of crime, or the mode of

* *Vide* Il diritto sovrano della Santa Sede sopra la Republica di San Marino difeso, by the Avvocato Carlo Fea, Roma, 1834.

conducting the deliberations of the Council in state affairs. The Republic as at present administered—and but little alteration has been made in its constitution during the last five hundred years—consists of a Grand Council in which the sovereignty of the state permanently resides, with two Presidents, called Captain-Regents, who are the administrators or executive branch of the government. This chief Council, when its numbers are complete, consists of sixty members, twenty of whom are chosen from the noble families of the Republic, twenty from the burgher, and twenty from the peasant class of the community. It is, however, a necessary qualification for the election to the Council of an individual of the peasant class, that he be possessed of some property either in houses or land. The vacancies occasioned by death or other causes in this Council are supplied by the election made by the Council of new members, chosen from the citizens most distinguished for their probity and intelligence.

There is, moreover, a smaller council, a sort of committee of the Grand Council, to assist the Captain-Regents with their advice in the ordinary affairs of the state. To the sovereign assembly of the Grand Council all the affairs of graver moment are referred, and the election from their body of the two Captain-Regents is entirely in their hands. The Captain-Regents hold office for only six months, and cannot be re-elected till after an interval of three years. Their election takes place on the first of April and the first of October. The first election of which an authentic record has been preserved is dated as far back as the year 1224. When the election has taken place, and the names of the new Presidents have been duly announced, the clergy and people go in procession to the Church. The Mass of the Holy Ghost is then said, followed by the *Te Deum*.

The members of the Council return after this religious function to the Public Hall, where the newly-elected Presidents are addressed in a complimentary discourse in Latin by the head master of the schools. They swear, in presence of the Council, to maintain the Republic, its independence, its liberties, and its rights, to preserve peace and concord amongst the citizens, to watch over the due observance of the laws, to protect the widows, the orphans, and the poor, the churches and hospitals, and to render justice to all without exception.

In the administration of their office, the Captain-Regents are responsible to the Grand Council as to the sovereign assembly. They must deliver all public moneys received by them to the public treasurer, and during their term of office they must not expend in repairs or public works more than forty shillings, without the express consent of the Council of sixty. Heavy fines, and the penalty of perpetual infamy await them if they take service under any foreign prince, or if during their term of office they absent themselves from the territory of the Republic for more than fifteen days.

Their administration is usually of a most paternal character. Much of their term of office is employed in visiting the various families of the town and neighborhood, and in becoming personally acquainted with the citizens of the Republic. Hence in cases of disagreements or quarrels, the Presidents act most successfully as mediators and arbitrators, and by their decision the litigants are usually quite willing to abide. In spite of the almost Spartan sternness and severity which restrict and regulate their powers, the office of Captain-Regent is held in the highest esteem by the citizens of the Republic. Special seats are reserved for the Regents in the church and at all public ceremonials; and for the in-

suring of greater respect and security for their persons, the Regents are not permitted in the daytime to appear in the streets unaccompanied by an attendant official. Indeed, such is the estimation in which the dignity of the office is held, that in cases in which a Sammarinese family holds property beyond the territory of the Republic, the members of the family prefer not to change their domicile; and if they are unavoidably absent for a time, they hasten back to their native territory, that their sons may be born on the San Marino soil, and may thus retain their eligibility to the post of Captain-Regent.

In addition to the two Captain-Regents, the officials of the state comprise two Secretaries of State, viz., one for the Interior and one for Foreign Affairs, a Commissary of the Law, a Commander-in-chief of the Guard of the Grand Council, a Commander-in-chief of the Militia, and a Treasurer-General. By a peculiar and certainly an excellent arrangement, for the prosecution of criminal cases, the presiding judge is always appointed from some city not within the territory of the Republic, and his term of office must not exceed three years.

The public revenue is derived from a very small tax upon landed property, and from custom dues and gun licenses, as well as from a tax on the monopoly for the manufacture of gunpowder, salt, and tobacco. The average annual amount of revenue received by the state in the years ranging from 1865 to 1872, as given in the *Almanack di Gotha* for 1875, amounted to £4502; and the average annual expenditure for state purposes only reached £4386 sterling. These figures show that the balance between the revenue and the expenditure is well maintained, and that the Sammarinese are not embarrassed by those financial difficulties which are now weighing so heavily on the Italian government. No excessive taxation swallows up their earnings, no public debt oppresses them, no forced paper circulation harasses their commerce; in a word, these nine thousand Sammarinese Republicans manage to maintain an active and efficient state machinery, at a cost to the Republic much less per head than is the cost of the government of Italy to its twenty-four millions of Italians.

Until recently the Republic had no coinage of its own, but made use of the money coined in the neighboring state. In 1864, however, by a special treaty with the Piedmontese, who had then usurped the Romagna Provinces, the Republic obtained a concession to the effect that the money which it coined should be admitted as current in the rest of Italy. This concession included the condition that the coinage should be based on the decimal system, and should be similar both in denomination and in weight to the coins in use in the kingdom of Italy. In accordance with this arrangement, the Republic now possesses a copper coinage of its own, consisting of two pieces, one of the value of ten, the other of five centesimi. These coins bear on one side the crest of the Republic, three mountain peaks crowned with towers; the word liberty is inscribed beneath; on the reverse of the coin, its value in centimes is engraved between the two wreaths of laurel. No silver coinage has as yet been issued.

All the citizens who are capable of bearing arms are considered as born defenders of their country's liberty, and in an emergency might be summoned to the field. The effective force of the Republic is stated in the *Almanack di Gotha* for 1875, to consist of 950 soldiers, divided into eight infantry companies, with 55 officers, 76 subalterns, and 819 privates. But the standing army actually consists of only 60 soldiers, formed into two companies of 30 men each, who act

on public occasions as a body-guard for the two Captain-Regents.

Small as is this force, it is amply sufficient for the service of a state whose limited territory offers no allurement to ambitious neighbors, whose very poverty wards off aggression, and whose antiquity has given it importance by enlisting in its behalf the sympathy and support of all the Courts of Europe. Its rights and privileges have been respected in various treaties of the European powers, and many letters from Sovereigns, Princes, and Ministers of State, addressed to the representatives of the Republic, attest the respect and esteem which the tact and prudence of its administrators have secured for this small republic, even in the most critical periods of European and Italian history.

Little is known of the political history of this Republic during the first three centuries which followed its foundation. San Marino is referred to in a legal document or charter of the ninth century, under the name of the Monastery of San Marino on Mount Titano. A century later the word monastery is replaced by that of castle, and in 951 the place was regarded as a stronghold of such security, that Berengarius, the Lombard King, flying before the victorious arms of the German Emperor Otho, took refuge within its walls. Amidst the incessant turmoils and factions which disturbed the northern and central parts of Italy in the thirteenth century, the Sammarinese contrived to maintain their independence chiefly by means of their alliance with the neighboring state of Montefeltro; and although in the wars of that period they were always ranged with their ally, the Count of Montefeltro, on the Ghibelline side, it does not appear that their opposition to the Guelphs implied anything more than a collision of territorial or local interests not incompatible with the submission which in spiritual matters they paid to the Holy See. In fact, in a dispute about the payment of tribute which arose between the Sammarinese and the Count of Montefeltro, we find the former appealing for justice to Pope Boniface the Eighth, who appointed arbitrators to decide the cause in his name.

Nestled as the Republic was in the very heart of the States of the Church, it is greatly owing to the paternal protection afforded to its ancient liberties by successive Sovereign Pontiffs that San Marino has preserved its autonomy intact during so many centuries. Confirmations of its privileges and exemptions by the Roman Pontiffs or their Legates are frequent in the records of San Marino. A remarkable testimony in favor of their independence was rendered by Cardinal Anglico, the brother of Pope Urban the Fifth, and Legate of the Holy See in the Provinces of the Romagna in the fourteenth century. In the instructions left by him to his successor in that Legation, the Cardinal states distinctly that "the people of San Marino had always been free, and had administered their own laws with the acquiescence of the Church, and that they recognized no civil authority on the part of the Church herself or her officials; that they were, in short, their own masters, owing obedience to no external authority."*

One of the first visits which the great Pope Julius the Second made after his election to the Pontifical throne in 1503, was to San Marino. His historian and friend, Cardinal Adriano, relates that Pope Julius was delighted with the cordial reception given to him by these plain but honest-hearted Republicans. Later on during his Pontificate, when the Sammarinese were in alarm from the hostile attitude of the Venetian Republic, Pope Julius wrote in

* From an old manuscript in the Royal Library of Paris, cited by the learned Cardinal Stephen Borgia in the second volume of his Annals of Benevento.

very friendly terms to them, bidding them not to fear: "You have always been free," he said, "and remember, that there is nothing sweeter than liberty and the protection of the Church which you have always enjoyed, and enjoy now, and which we promise you shall continue to enjoy."

Pope Paul the Third, who ascended the Pontifical throne in 1534, threatened excommunication against those who should attempt to destroy the ancient independence of this Republic.

When under Pope Urban the Eighth (1623–1644), the Montefeltro family became extinct and their estates lapsed to the Holy See, whose dominions now surrounded the territory of San Marino on every side, the Church became the sole neighbor and remained the firm protector of the small Republic. Pope Urban expressly confirmed their republican liberties, and encouraged the people to imitate the honest and simple virtues of their ancestors.

It has happened, however, in the history of the Republic, that the Apostolic Delegate in the Romagna has thought it expedient in the interests of the Pontifical authority, to endeavor to put an end to the existence of the Republic and absorb its territory into the dominion of the Pope. But an appeal to the Holy Father by the Sammarinese has always terminated such aggressions in their favor. The most recent and most formidable attempt of this kind, was made by the celebrated Cardinal Alberoni, when Legate of the Romagna under Pope Clement the Twelfth, in 1739. This Cardinal went so far as to enter the territory and town of San Marino with an overwhelming force, and having summoned together, on October 24th, the representatives of the Republic, he demanded of them a public and formal surrender of the liberties and independence of their state, and an oath of submission to the Pontifical government as the temporal Sovereign of the Romagna. The patriotic reply of Antonio Giangi, one of the Presidents, deserves to be recorded. When summoned to come forward and take the required oath, he thus addressed the Cardinal in the Church of San Marino, where the Council and the citizens were assembled: "On the first of this month of October, I took an oath of fidelity to my legitimate Sovereign the Republic of San Marino, that oath I now confirm, and thus I swear." Some of the Council were, however, overawed by the Cardinal into compliance with his wish, but most of them replied to the demand with a refusal as energetic and spirited as that of their President.

When their cause was finally laid before the Pope, His Holiness decided the appeal in favor of the long prescriptive right of San Marino to its complete independence. Cardinal Henriquez was sent by the Pope to supersede Cardinal Alberoni in the government of the Romagna, and on the Festival of St. Agatha, February 5th, 1740, the new Legate made a solemn and public declaration in the name of Pope Clement, that the Republic of San Marino was legitimately restored with all its powers and exemptions. The joy and gratitude of the Sammarinese on the occasion of this new confirmation of their liberties, showed itself by festive rejoicings of every kind. The Republic, moreover, decreed that a monument crowned by a marble statue of the Pontiff, should be erected in the city in honor of Pope Clement, and that the anniversary of the 5th of February should be kept as a public festival. The monument still exists, and the Feast of St. Agatha, February 5th, continues to be observed each year in San Marino with great solemnity and devotion.

In the year 1796, Napoleon Bona-

parte, at the head of the troops of the French Republic, penetrated into Piedmont, routed the Austrians in Lombardy at the battle of Arcola, and before the end of January, 1797, had made himself master of all the north of Italy. Ancona was shortly afterwards besieged and taken, and by the middle of February, the Pope, Pius the Sixth, was compelled to submit to the most humiliating terms. By the treaty of Tolentino, signed on February 19th, the Sovereign Pontiff was forced to abandon to the French, Bologna, Ferrara, and the whole of the Romagna. On the 16th of May, the treaty of Venice was signed, and "the French were conducted in Venetian boats to the Piazza of St. Mark, where a foreign standard had not been seen for fifteen hundred years, but where the colors of independence were never again destined to wave. . . . . With speechless sorrow, the Venetians beheld the French, who occupied Venice, lower the standard of St. Mark, demolish the Bucentaur, pillage the arsenal, remove every vestige of independence, and take down the splendid bronze horses, which, for six hundred years, had stood over the portico of the Church of St. Mark, to commemorate the capture of Constantinople by the Venetian crusaders. When the last Doge appeared before the Austrian Commissioner to take the oath of homage to the Emperor, his emotion was such that he fell insensible to the ground; honoring thus, by the extremity of grief, the last act of national independence."*

It was during the operations of this campaign, and whilst Napoleon was passing near San Marino on his way towards Ancona, that he deputed Monge, a member of a scientific commission attached to the French army, to present to the Republic of San Marino assurances of friendship and brotherhood on the part of the "grand army of Italy and of its commander."

The address which citizen Monge presented on this occasion to the Republic of San Marino, is preserved in their archives, and is worth quoting as a specimen of the magniloquent utterances about Peace and Liberty, which Bonaparte had the effrontery to pour forth, at the very time that he was devastating Europe with the horrors of war, and was crushing into submission, by force of arms, the continental kingdoms that attempted to oppose his progress or his will. The address was thus worded:

CITIZENS OF SAN MARINO! Liberty, which, in the palmy days of Athens and of Thebes, transformed the Greeks into a race of heroes; liberty, which during the Republican period enabled the Romans to perform such prodigies of valor; liberty, which, in succeeding times during the brief interval in which it shone on some of the Italian cities, renewed the arts and sciences, and shed such lustre upon Florence, was banished from almost the whole of Europe; it existed only in San Marino, where, by the wisdom of your government, and chiefly by means of your virtues, you have preserved the precious deposit through so many revolutions, and defended its last refuge during so long a course of years.

The French people, after an era of darkness, ashamed of its lengthened slavery, has made an effort and is free. The whole of Europe, blind to its own interests, and what is worse, blind to the interests of the human race, is up in arms, banded together into a coalition against us. Our neighbors have agreed together for the partition of our territory, and already on every side our frontiers are invaded, our fortresses and our ports are in the power of the enemy; and what afflicts us most, a valued part of our own countrymen are lighting up the flames of civil war, and are compelling us to inflict chastisement, from which the country itself must suffer injury.

Alone in the midst of so great a tempest, without experience, without arms, without leaders, the French people flies to the frontier, everywhere makes head against the enemy, and everywhere is victorious. Of their enemies, the most discreet withdraw from the coalition; the success of our arms compels others one after the other to beg for peace, which they obtain; in fine, there remain but three,* but these are blinded by passion, and

* Alison, History of Europe during the French Revolution, vol. iii.

* England, Russia, and Prussia.

listen only to the dictates of pride, jealousy, and hatred. A body of the French troops enters Italy, destroys successively four Austrian armies, brings back liberty into this beautiful land, and covers itself with glory almost under your very eyes.

The French Republic, which is shedding with regret so much blood, satisfied with having given to the world a great example, proposes peace, the terms of which she is in a condition to dictate. Citizens! Can you believe it? Her proposals have been everywhere either haughtily rejected, or cunningly evaded! The army of Italy, in order therefore to obtain peace by means of conquest, is forced to pursue its enemies, and to pass near your territory.

I am come on the part of General Bonaparte, in the name of the French Republic, to present the most inviolable assurances of peace and friendship, to the ancient Republic of San Marino. Citizens! The political constitutions of the peoples who surround your state, may undergo some change. If some portions of your frontiers are claimed by your neighbors, or even if some undisputed portion of the adjoining states is necessary for you, I am commissioned by the Commander-in-Chief to make a present to you of such territories on his part. He will be always most anxious to keep the French Republic disposed to give you proofs of its sincere friendship.

As for myself, citizens, I congratulate myself on being chosen as the agent in a mission, which must be an agreeable one to both republics, and which affords me the opportunity of testifying to you the veneration which you inspire to all who are friends of liberty.

Given at San Marino, the 19th Pluviose,* the fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

MONGE,

Member of the National Institute of France, and of the Commission of Science and Art in Italy.†

The reply of the Sammarinese to this address of Monge, shows that the little Republic was quite alive to the necessity of conciliating the formidable chief who was now master of Italy.

The reply is as follows:

CITIZEN DEPUTY! The day of your mission to our Republic will remain to us as the brightest which has yet dawned upon the annals of our liberty. Your Republic knows not only how to conquer her enemies by force of arms, but also how to surprise her friends by the greatness of her generosity. Happy as we are in being numbered amongst the examples which have had the merit of exciting your noble emulation, but happier still in being deemed worthy of the honor of your friendship, of which you have given us such distinguished proof, we cannot behold without feelings of the most sensible gratification, that you are bringing back to Italy the golden days of the Greek and Roman Republics. Sincere love of our own liberty, makes us the more sensible of the value of the magnanimous efforts made by a great nation for this object. But you have surpassed the common expectation. Alone against the rest of Europe, you have given to the world a new and illustrious example of the energy which the sentiment of liberty can inspire. Your army, marching in the footsteps of Hannibal, and surpassing the prodigious exploits of ancient Rome, under its valiant chief, who unites all the qualities of genius to the virtues of a hero, turns its regard towards this corner of the earth, where an offshoot of ancient liberty has found a refuge, and in which may be contemplated the severe precision of Sparta rather than the graceful elegance of Athens.

You know well, Citizen Deputy, that simplicity of manners and an intense love of liberty, are the only inheritance transmitted to us by our fathers; an inheritance which we have preserved in the midst of the shocks of ages, and which neither the attempts of the ambitious, nor the hatred of the powerful, nor the intrigues of enemies, have been able to assail with impunity.

Return then to this hero. Convey to him the unbounded homage not of our admiration alone, for this the entire world shares with us, but of our gratitude. Tell him that the Republic of San Marino, contented with its smallness, does not venture to accept the generous offer which he has made, nor to entertain views of aggrandizement which in course of time might imperil its liberty; but that we shall owe everything to the generosity of the French Republic, and of its invincible chief, if we obtain the favor of having our welfare secured by the extension of our commerce with which it is so closely allied, and by those subventions which will secure our subsistence.

As for yourself, illustrious Citizen Deputy, we esteem ourselves fortunate in this auspicious moment, in being able to recognize in you one of the brightest ornaments of learning, for in you are combined the talents of the literary man, with the virtues of a distinguished citizen. The object of your mission, as well as the person to whom it was specially confided, will ever remain for us an enduring monument of the magnanimity

* The 19th January, 1797.

† *Vide* Memorie storiche della Repubblica San Marino, raccolte dal Cav. Melchiorre Delfico, cittadino della medesima. Firenze, 1843.

of the conqueror of Italy, and will remain perpetually in our hearts and in our memory.

(Subscribed)

THE REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE REPUBLIC.

SAN MARINO, February 12th, 1797.

Just a week after the date of this reply, Bonaparte himself addressed a letter to the Republic of San Marino, in which he assures them of his friendly intentions in their regard. The letter is cited by Delfico in the *Memoirs of the Republic*, and is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS AT MODENA,
the 19th Ventose, of the year 5 of the
French Republic, one and indivisible.*

BONAPARTE, *General in Chief of the Army of Italy, to the Representatives of the Republic of San Marino:*

Citizen Monge has given me a report, citizens, of the interesting impressions which your little Republic has made upon him. I have given orders that the citizens of San Marino be exempt from contributions, and that they be respected in whatever part of the French Republic they happen to be. I have ordered General Serrurier, who is quartered at Rimini, to forward to you four pieces of field artillery, which I present to you in the name of the Republic. He will also place at your disposal fifteen thousand quintals of wheat (about five hundred bushels) which will help towards the provisioning of your Republic till harvest.

I beg you to believe, citizens, that on all occasions I shall be most eager to give the people of San Marino proofs of the esteem and distinguished consideration with which I am

BONAPARTE.

Antonio Onofri, one of the two Captain-Regents, then in office, was deputed by the Council to convey in person to Bonaparte the reply of the Republic. Onofri accepted in their name the fifteen thousand quintals of wheat and the offer of the four pieces of artillery, but respectfully declined on the part of the Republic any addition to the territory of San Marino, observing to Napoleon that their greatest safeguard had always consisted in their not coveting the territory of their neighbors, and in resting satisfied with their own limited dominion. "We have learned," Onofri added, "by long experience the truth of the adage, *Parva domus, magna quies*, 'The smaller the household, the greater the repose.'"

On a later occasion, Onofri was deputed by the Council to Paris, to represent the interests of the Republic to Napoleon, then become Emperor. When urged by the Emperor to accept the enlargement of territory which Napoleon was still anxious to concede in favor of San Marino, Onofri is said to have replied, "Sire, the only thing which you can do for us, is to leave us just as we are."

The prudence and patriotism of Onofri in steering the Republic through times of special difficulty, have earned for him a statue in the Public Council Hall, and an inscription in which he is termed "the Father of his country."

Bonaparte left intact the Republic of San Marino, because its antiquity made it a respectable ally, and because its weakness placed it beyond the reach of his jealousy or even of his suspicion. He probably was surprised at their constant refusal to receive from him any augmentation of their territory; but this moderation had been for centuries a marked characteristic in their policy and a venerated tradition in their history, and, in the midst of the vicissitudes to which Italy has been subjected, has mainly contributed to the endurance and preservation of their small State.

The restoration of the States of the Church to the Pope, after the fall of the First Napoleon, and the withdrawal of the French from Italy, placed San Marino again in the midst of the Pontifical territory. The rights and autonomy of its Republic were acknowledged by the allied powers in the treaty of Vienna, in 1814, and when Pius the Seventh was replaced on the Pontifical throne, and restored to the ancient dominions of the Church, he addressed the following letter to the Republic of San Marino in reply to the congrat-

* February 19th, 1797.

ulations which he received from its representatives:

BELOVED SONS, HEALTH AND APOSTOLICAL BENEDICTION!

Count Montalti has presented to us your letter of the 9th instant, and has in person confirmed to us the sentiments which you have expressed as to the universal joy which has welcomed the announcement of the restoration to the Holy See of its ancient dominions. We have received these assurances with all the more pleasure, from the conviction which we have that your Republic has at all times shown itself devoted to the Holy See. Whilst assuring you, therefore, of the recollection which we shall ever retain of the part which you have taken on this occasion, we desire to express to you at the same time our particular affection, whilst in the fulness of our heart we impart to each of you our Apostolical benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Mary Major's, July 27th, 1815, in the sixteenth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. VII.

The Pontiffs who have succeeded Pope Pius the Seventh, viz., Leo the Twelfth, Pius the Eighth, Gregory the Sixteenth, as well as the present Pontiff, Pope Pius the Ninth, have continued to extend their paternal protection to the Republic, and in the most encouraging terms have expressed to its representatives their wishes for the welfare and prosperity of San Marino.

In the year 1849, towards the beginning of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth, a serious danger threatened the Republic, from the security which its territory afforded to some who were under the ban of the law elsewhere. It was often in such cases extremely difficult for the representatives of the Republic to steer a just and satisfactory course between the claims of hospitality on the one side, and the reasonable demands which neighboring states made on them upon the other, for the extradition of criminals who had fled from the pursuit of justice into the neutral territory of San Marino. A difficulty of this kind occurred in 1849, when the revolutionary party together with Garibaldi and his freebooters were ignominiously routed out of Rome by the brave General Oudinot, who restored Pius the Ninth to his rightful sovereignty.

After this defeat, Garibaldi skulked away with his followers into the northern provinces of the Romagna, but finding that the Austrian troops were in force in those parts, while the French, under General Oudinot, were in dangerous proximity in his rear, as a last chance of escape, he took refuge with his followers, on July 31st, within the neutral territory of San Marino. The Austrian commander thereupon threatened an immediate invasion of the territory of the Republic. An agent was accordingly deputed from San Marino, to confer with the Austrian General, Gorzhowski. He was instructed to justify to the General the conduct of the Republic in not rejecting from their territory the fugitive Garibaldians, and also to treat respecting the terms of a capitulation. Garibaldi, on hearing of these negotiations, thought it expedient at once to quit this neighborhood, and in a few days his departure was followed by that of the rest of his followers, to the great joy of the Sammarinese, who found themselves thus unexpectedly rid of a set of refugees, in behalf of whom their hospitality would probably have cost them dear.

After the Austrian war of 1859, the tide of Piedmontese invasion was permitted with the guilty connivance of Napoleon the Third to extend itself into the States of the Church, and the Holy Father soon after the battle of Castelfidardo, in 1861, found himself stripped not only of Umbria, Spoleto, and the March of Ancona, but of Bologna, Ferrara, and of all the provinces of the Romagna which lie along the coast of the Adriatic. As a result of this iniquitous spoliation, the Pontifical dominion, which for centuries had surrounded the territory of San Marino, has been replaced ever since 1861 by the Piedmontese encroachment, an unhal-

lowed usurpation based upon the most flagrant violation of the rights of others.

Time will show whether the small Republic of San Marino will be able long to retain its autonomy in the midst of that infidel administration which is called United Italy. Emissaries of "the sect" insinuate themselves amongst the population, and endeavor to spread their socialistic and irreligious ravings even amongst the simple-hearted peasantry and people of San Marino, although fortunately, until now, they have met with little success. These poor but independent mountaineers are amongst the most pious and religious people of Europe, and in their time-hallowed institutions, religion and the state are united in a just and intimate relationship. Religion is the animating principle of their patriotism, for they regard their city as the sanctuary of their holy founder, and their territory as under his special protection. Their most solemn civil ceremonies are connected with services to the praise and worship of God. With prayer to God, and an invocation of their holy protector, all the deliberations of their Council commence, and the chief magistrates are inaugurated into office with solemn Mass and a religious function.

The writer was informed by a Franciscan Father who has lived for the last sixteen years in San Marino, that at nightfall, when all the members of the family have come home from their day's work, there is hardly a household in the whole Republic in which the father of the family does not recite with his assembled children the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and on the Sundays and festivals the churches are crowded both at Mass and Benediction.

Free and independent as are the Sammarinese in all the temporal affairs of their government, they acknowledge their complete subjection to the Sovereign Pontiff in all matters which relate to spiritual jurisdiction. By the Supreme Pontiff the bishop is appointed whom their priests obey, and to whom their parishes in spiritual matters are subjected.

In the rest of Italy, the tyranny of modern liberalism, by means of the impious votes of a sacrilegious Parliament, has seized and turned into barracks the monasteries and convents, has wrested the books and libraries of the religious from their lawful possessors, and turned adrift into the public streets from their convent cells, monks, nuns, and aged religious, to live as they can on the poor pittance of a few pence per day, which a government of liberals assigns as compensation for outraged rights; whilst at the same time, within the walls of San Marino, the Sisters of St. Clare, the Minor Conventuals, as well as the Capuchin Fathers, remain unmolested in the homes of their choice, happy in the enjoyment of that union in religious life which their holy founder and their venerable predecessors in religion have so legitimately bequeathed to them. For here, on the heights of San Marino, liberty is still no empty sound; its name is not merely engraved on the coins of the state, and sculptured in stone over the city gates, but it lives in the midst of this happy people, is the watchword of their government and institutions, and reigns in this Republic in holy union with the glorious servitude to God and to his Church which is the priceless birthright of a Christian.

MEMORIES FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Mount Saint Mary's.

The history of letters, literature, and the compilation of books, is an hypothesis in the order of creation, which can only be classed with the entire system of miraculous works that sprung into existence under that divine *fiat*, "Let there be light." The voice of God interpreted the first book, that of his own marvellous creation, with its stupendous and thrilling glories. Under the inspiration of this divine utterance, the human mind opened, like the flowers to the dew, to receive and grasp the loftiest truths, the most subtle philosophy and the highest æsthetic beauties. Looking from nature up to nature's God, a temple of such grand proportions and splendor burst upon the vision that the soul expanded, like the newly born rivers, under the lambent light of these wondrous revelations—visions of such luminous glories that the angels dropped their diaphanous wings as curtains, lest the splendor should strike into blindness the newly awakened orbs of weak mortality. From divine inspiration then alone must the form of expressing and perpetuating thought have proceeded, and through this Moses acquired the profound wisdom, the psychical intuitions, the deep philosophy, that has preserved this first literary creation as a wonder among the million of tomes that have since filled the world. The archetypal record that he has left of history, ethics, and jurisprudence were matched at a later period in the sublime rhetoric, the touching pathos, and the vivid picture of the human heart (when under the sway of turbulent passions) by Job; as when in the weight of suffering and the fervor of a prophetic faith, he exclaimed: "Who will grant me that my words may be written, that they may be marked down in a book with an iron pen, and in a plate of lead?" Chap. ix, v. 23.

From the beginning literature was the handmaid of religion. Without her inspirations human nature would never have risen above the original brute creation of Eden, harmless and gentle, but never moved by the divine afflatus into voice or action. Each decade in the literature of nations is deeply imbued with their religious tenets. Eastern and Grecian mythology form the primeval inspiration and theme of their poets; but instead of the Olympic circle being invoked by a *sursum corda* of celestial longing, their deities were idealized, and in part sensualized in order that their essence might be adumbrated to the need and necessities of weak mortality. Far away in the æsthetic land of Greece now only stand the broken columns and ruined fanes that establish her claim as the original home of intellectual culture for the world. Clio yet rears her majestic crest, crowned with the ægis of perennial bays, as she points to the schools of Athens, where symmetry, eloquence, and beauty were born and nurtured by the genius of such minds as Socrates, Pericles, and Plato. In following the progress of letters, which ran with the velocity of an electric current from one nation to another, there is manifest only an elaboration and an imitation upon the literature, art, and dialectics of ancient Greece; and, with all the advantages derived from centuries of progress, we think Henri Taine is not far wrong, when he compares their simplicity with our verboseness, their idiom, pure and plain, with our intermixture of various tongues, "mutilated into the shapeless remains of a once beautiful idiom." But for Christianity and the Church,

all these treasures of learning would have been lost to the world.

Throughout the fearful struggles of nations and sects that marked the fall of Paganism, throughout the abysmal darkness that fell over the track of the Goth and Vandal—wherever waved the oriflamme of the Cross, there followed the light of science, the glory of art, the amenities of life, and the tenderness and durability of all social ties. Cherished and nurtured in the solitude of monastic cell and oratory, the primitive schools acquired vigor and repute, until they blossomed into those grand proportions that distinguished such universities as Bologna, Salerno, and Salamanca. These and kindred seminaries soon became little worlds within themselves, all climes and diverse nationalities being represented therein. The boyish joys and sorrows, the petty strife and soaring ambition, were bounded by those walls, hence it is natural that so many great minds should be glad to forget the stern realities of life, in recording the glowing memories that are associated with the *alma mater* of their happier days. Few of Byron's poems give such strong evidence of the tenacity of his affections, and the generous magnanimity of his undisciplined temperament, as his "Childish Recollections," which is a beautiful and glowing tribute of his muse to the Harrow of his boyhood's days. Oxford, too, has ever been a little world of itself, perpetuated by a "zone of fraternal affections," and eulogized by her children from the time that a woman's hand and intellect (Friedeswitha) laid its foundations and promulgated its laws. Indeed, the history of all countries is so deeply interwoven with their universities that our prelates, statesmen, and scientists may be said to owe their personality as much to the school that disciplined the mind, as to the land that claims their birth. England's Cambridge, next to Oxford, stands crowned with laurels by the alumni of both her past and present; and we all know how deep an interest has been awakened in Rugby, since "Tom Brown" made his bow to an American audience. Our own Harvard and Yale are canopied by the virtues and talents of names now blended with history; and Bowdoin will be doubly enriched in the future by the name of Longfellow, whose voice but a few months ago rang in the tremulous tones of years and the pathos of awakened memories through the same halls that had listened to the "Golden Legends" of his youth. For years these and kindred institutions absorbed all the honor and talents of the young republic; but the Catholic Church, who had ever been the pioneer, as she was the preserver and portal of all that was affluent in knowledge and edifying in virtue, no sooner saw her banner safely waving under the western sky, than she provided such folds for her scattered sheep as would serve to insure their fealty to their venerable mother, and furnish them with proper weapons wherewith to defeat or conquer the antagonism of the opposite schools. One of the earliest of these Catholic seminaries was Mount Saint Mary's, near the town of Emmitsburg, Maryland. To the pious zeal and indomitable energy of Rev. J. Dubois, then a young French ecclesiastic, this institution was reared under circumstances that were calculated to discourage any one less eager in the cause of God and his Church.

Not only did France give generously her sons to battle for our rights and liberty, but when they were won she sent to Archbishop Carroll a number of apostles, that yielded as true a joy and benefit to the Church as did the fleet of Lafayette, with his brave volunteers, to our struggling army. Mount St. Mary's was originally intended solely as an ecclesiastical seminary; but Fr. Dubois and his *confrères* soon found that it could be rendered more effi-

cient by opening its doors to the youth of the land, who were then in great need of proper educational advantages. Many obstacles in the way of proper accommodation, owing to limited means, retarded their progress in the beginning, but, even after the first suitable building was destroyed by fire, the authorities were neither despondent or dismayed, but rather profited by the lesson of the disaster. As the primitive shelter of Abelard's scholars was succeeded by the renowned Paraclete—"My consolation," as he called it—so a fine structure of stone rose upon the ashes of the first house, and such improvements have increased in utility and beauty down to the present day. One of the original buildings, however, still stands, and is prized as a sacred relic of the prowess and zeal of those to whom is due all the honor and beneficent results that have flowed from the religious fervor and intellectual vigor of a few men.

It is of those only, who have long since laid down the burden of life, that we now propose to speak—to wipe the dust from the old tablets which record those hallowed memories, and to give to them a perpetuity that the rushing stream of time, of newer names, and more recent events, threaten to obliterate forever. A brighter galaxy of clerics and alumni have never since that day and generation studied in the halls or meditated in the chapel of the "dear old mountain."

Dwelling in the sublime unity of the early Christians were Reverends J. Dubois, Michael Egan, Eccleston, Hughes, Purcell, and Bruté. All of these were in rapid succession raised to the dignity of the mitre; hence to them belongs the first rank in this *memoriam*. Of the majority of these familiar names we do not purpose to speak here, for "*their works praise them.*" All save one, the dear and venerable Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, whose works and piety attest his usefulness, whose virtues are cherished in the hearts of his people, who has garnered, like St. Boniface, from the depths of a wilderness, a vast monument of glory in the service of God's Church—all save him have filled the measure of life, and gone to the reward of the good and faithful servant.

The venerable and saintly priest, Simon Bruté, had been one of the first volunteers from France, who, of noble family and, it was said, distinguished as a surgeon in the army of Napoleon, relinquished, at the call of the silent messenger, all personal and official honors, to devote his after-life to the work of rescuing souls. Devoid of any natural beauty of feature, yet so seraphic was the expression of Fr. Bruté's countenance, that many believed him to be divinely favored, as was St. Francis of Assisi, by direct communion with heaven.

His knowledge of engineering was of great advantage to the new institute, and, although of a slender and weak physique, yet he performed with his own hands the most herculean labors. The first church for the Seminary, as well as for the parish, was built upon a high point of Carrick's Knoll, a detached range of the Blue Ridge. Although extremely picturesque and suggestive of lofty reaches after godliness, yet the boys found this journey, of cold winter mornings, frequently through ice and snow, a terrible tax upon both their piety and strength. Money was too scarce to smooth away all difficulties at once, but Fr. Bruté, in pitying the youths, pondered the trouble and found the remedy. When assembled for the usual march to the church, one bitter cold morning, the faculty were surprised to find one of the steepest parts of the ascent nicely terraced with wood. It seemed wonderful and mysterious enough to have been the work of the fabled Dryad and Oread, in gratitude for their unmo-

lested shrines and groves. But the mystery was soon solved, and Fr. Bruté was proved to have been the providence, who, with some secret assistance, had thus worked and prayed whilst others slept. The idea and impetus thus given was eagerly accepted, and the boys went to work with a will in their recreation hours, and soon a continuous line of terraces made the future ascent to the church comparatively easy.

Fr. Bruté's taste for the picturesque was also manifested in a number of beautiful grottos, with which he dotted many waste places of the former wilderness. Wherever a natural spring was discovered, the underbrush was cleared away, and an outlet was made for the limpid waters to flow into a basin of either wood or stone. His knowledge and application in all practical details, when for the benefit of others, was in striking contrast with his entire disregard of his own personal wants. Like St. Martin of old, he was frequently known to take his coat, and even his shirt, off to bestow upon some poor negro in the neighborhood. From the peaceful solitude of his chosen retirement Fr. Bruté was called to fill the Episcopal See of Vincennes in 1834. All who knew how purely interior was his life, readily believed that, in accepting those onerous dignities, he thereby embraced a spirit of obedience and sacrifice which would serve to draw him even nearer to the more perfect way of the cross.

His zealous labors in every department, in the interests of his new and impoverished diocese, soon exhausted his feeble frame, and in five years thereafter he died, as he had lived, like a saint.

One of the faculty, who had been a favorite Seminarian and priest at the mountain, was Rev. Edward Collins, of Philadelphia. Genial in temperament, possessing a keen sense of humor, he was ever ready to join in the sports of the boys or add some original conception for their amusement. Following Bishop Purcell to Cincinnati, his zeal for souls led him to make friends mainly among the poorer classes, and it was through the insight, we presume, of their necessities, that he was drawn into the anomalous position of becoming a member of a fire company. The ultimate results, however, manifested in the beneficial influence he exercised, proved that he had not been misled as to the consequences of such a step; for it was said that, whenever "Father Collins" was on the ground, the profane and obscene language, so usual among that class of men, was at once silenced. His influence and popularity were unbounded; many a rough, irreligious fellow, when ill, would gladly consent to receive the last consolations from "the priest" who had not disdained to work side by side with the poor mechanic for the common good. Many years ago, when a distinguished Roman ecclesiastic was visiting this country, and was about paying his respects to Bishop Purcell, he was greatly startled, and even shocked, by seeing a man in full fireman's costume, with a large silver trumpet in one hand, rush rapidly from the house into the street. Learning that he was a priest, high in favor with both bishop and people, astonishment gave way to horror—supposing, for the moment, such an occupation to be usual among the American clergy. But when this instance was explained as an exceptional case, and good reasons adduced for its sanction, he was satisfied, regarding the incident, no doubt, as merely a striking illustration of the latitude of our democratic privileges.

Another young Seminarian, who was popular as a professor, was Mr. Alexander Hitzelberger, of Baltimore. He also left the college a few years after his ordination to the priesthood to join Bishop Purcell's

corps in Cincinnati. He gained great popularity by his courteous manners, fine social qualities, and matchless pulpit eloquence. By his vibrant musical voice, his wealth of imagery, and effective perorations, he controlled the feelings of an audience as a player the weird or pathetic tones of his harp. To attempt a reproduction of some of his thrilling utterances would only serve to mar their beauty. Like those famous lines of the renowned orator, Massilon—"The king is dead!" "My friends, God alone is great," —or the no less famous comparison of the death of our Saviour and Socrates, such epigrammatic sentences must be heard, and their magnetic influence felt, to appreciate the grandeur that may sometimes be concentrated in a single line. After some years spent in Richmond, Va., where he was deeply beloved, he suddenly fled from the praise of the multitude, to labor in prayers and missionary duties in the ranks of the Jesuit fathers, where he remained until about a year ago, when he was called to receive the eternal reward of his labors and good works.

Another member of the French mission was Fr. Zopie, though we believe that he came to this country as a layman. There was a story current in the "long ago," of his choice of the priesthood being the result of a terrible calamity that occurred to him by accident, whilst wrestling with a dear and intimate friend, who had been but recently married. Fr. Zopie was an athlete in frame and strength, and thus accidentally inflicted some serious injury upon his adversary, which resulted ultimately in his death. His young widow was one of the ladies who joined Mother Seaton's first band at St. Joseph's; and Sister Margaret lived to see with regret the French dynasty supersede and absorb all the successful accomplishments that had resulted from the travail, perseverance, and zeal of the first little colony of American women.

Besides those above named, only two of the clerical professors now represent the old faculty; Father Sourin, then the eminent poet of the mountain, now the saintly Jesuit; and Fr. McCaffney, who filled the presidential chair longer than any other candidate, and might still be the chief, had not failing health and weight of years compelled him to resign. Great versatility of talent rendered him invaluable as a professor; and his fund of humor and originality of conception, afforded many a dramatic entertainment for the young collegians.

Philadelphia sent many representatives to the Mount in her early days, that added lustre in after years to her social and pious records. Among the leaders from that city, in Bishop Dubois's time, were the two brothers, James and Thomas Butler, who entered to study for the priesthood. James died of consumption before completing his course, but Thomas lived to be an invaluable adjunct to the faculty. His knowledge of architecture, his skill as an engraver, together with his general æsthetic tastes, proved invaluable to the college, and the neighboring institute, St. Joseph's. To his design belongs the credit of the much-admired chapel of the sisterhood; and pictures and banners innumerable attest in those and many succeeding years at home, and in his subsequent missions, the culture of his talents, and his untiring industry. Many a beautiful church and religious house owes its inception to the architectural skill of Fr. Butler. Priests and religious orders who were too poor to pay for plans, found him ever ready to bring his time and talent to their aid. The celebrated visitation convent in the city of Baltimore was planned exclusively by him; at that time many of the conveniences and labor-saving inventions were a marvel

of original design. When Bishop Purcell was promoted to the See of Cincinnati, Fr. Butler succeeded him as president of the college, and filled the chair with most unflagging energy and zeal. Gentle and affectionate in disposition, tender, sympathetic, and generous to the utmost by nature, he won and held the hearts of all who approached him; and we doubt if in administrative ability the college ever had a more useful or beneficent president. After serving two terms, at the earnest solicitation of Archbishop Eccleston, Fr. Butler retired to Baltimore, and accepted the position of private secretary to the Archbishop. There, in his capacity of priest and counsellor, he won many friends, especially among the suffering and sorrowful. After some years thus spent, he felt himself called to a wider field of usefulness, and resigning his distinguished position, went to Cincinnati, knowing that abundant work was ready in the great western diocese for willing laborers. Bishop Purcell warmly welcomed his old confrère, and assigned to him the mission of Hamilton, in Butler County, where every essential labor necessary to the success of a Catholic province was to be done. Work and room for his varied power were just what Fr. Butler craved, and like magic people gathered around him. Improvements in the cause of religion were commenced, and in an incredible space of time, a beautiful brick church, school-house, and parsonage became the wonder as well as the adornment of the town. At that time, improvements on a large scale were progressing in that part of Ohio, and numbers of Irish laborers were employed in digging canals, and building roads and bridges. Father Butler, anxious for their souls, followed them from point to point, hearing confessions, assisting the sick, and aiding them with comforts and medicines from his own limited resources. Convinced that the main cause of their spiritual and physical ills was the result of their intemperate habits, he inaugurated a genuine temperance crusade, working and preaching with such indefatigable zeal among them, that he soon earned throughout the country, the title of the Father Mathew of America. His earnestness was crowned with wonderful success, and thousands to this day, both Catholic and Protestant, revere and bless his name for the good thus accomplished. After completing his work in this mission, he left it for others to enjoy and foster, going next to the barren field of Brown County, Ohio, which likewise grew into beauty and usefulness under his zealous labors. When Rev. George A. Carrel was elected to the See of Covington, Ky., he urged Fr. Butler, the bosom friend of his boyhood, to aid him with his counsel and experience. They had always been especially devoted to each other, and as priests had frequently planned to spend their lives together, but some obstacle would always arise to defeat their wishes. Now, however, providence seemed to reward their long years of constancy, and thenceforth death alone divided them.

"My right arm," the bishop used to call his friend; and with justice, for to him he owed all the administrative details, the adjustment of every vexed question, and the most important improvements in his diocese. Father Butler possessed a fine memory, and was unequalled as a *raconteur*. He loved to talk of his early days at the "dear old mountain," to those who would listen *con amore*, while his fingers, never idle, would be constructing plain or ornamental rosaries; "my knitting," he called the work. Many an hour rendered long and weary by physical pain or trouble of mind, has he beguiled by his fine conversational gifts. Hav-

ing been among the earliest recruits of Father Dubois's little band, he knew him well, and loved him for his gentle amiable qualities, and remembered many amusing incidents connected with his *régime*. One of the good prelate's characteristics was a desire to manage every department of the *ménage*, not even omitting the kitchen, constantly asking questions, and making various suggestions about the *cuisine*. The whole of the domestic department of the Seminary was under the charge of a band of sisters from St. Joseph's, and at that time the post of St. Servant, as the head was termed, was filled by a most majestic-looking woman, who was as lovely in disposition and graciousness of manner, as she was handsome in appearance. These frequent visits of the president to her domain were extremely trying to the patience of St. A——, and she had devised many ways to insinuate the fact to him, but so far without avail.

One day, when a specially good dinner was required for some expected guests, Fr. Dubois was unusually anxious, going in and out as the cooking progressed, lifting one lid after another, and making various suggestions and comments; no doubt an irresistible impulse, for all Frenchmen possess culinary talent, and look upon it as an art worthy of attention. Sister A——, however, failed to take this view of the case, so her patience and *amour propre* reached a climax. While listening with polite attention, however, to his suggestions, her fingers meanwhile were busy with her apron-strings, and as he finished, she gracefully presented it to the astounded president, at the same time begging him to take her place, which he could fill so much more efficiently than herself. Fr. Dubois, clapping his hands to his ears, and exclaiming "Mon Dieu, non, non," ran as fast as he could out of the kitchen, and was never after known to step beyond the threshold.

A great source of fun and temptation to the boys was a raid upon the orchards as the fruit began to ripen. On one of these annual assaults, the havoc was so serious that the authorities determined to make an example of it. So a general punishment was proclaimed, and the president gave them a lecture in his broken English, upon the enormity of such wanton destruction. Perceiving that he was not making a very serious impression in the way of contrition, he said:

"I suppose you vill say dat it vas de bird; ah, well, yes. I know, too, it was de bird; but my children, it vas de bird wid de two legs." This was too much for the gravity of the boys; from a suppressed titter, they burst into a general roar of laughter. For a moment a scowl spread over the face of the president, but as the point of the joke dawned upon him, his countenance changed, and rubbing his hands together, he said: "Ah you may look; yes, it is very good; you may laugh." Fr. Dubois used to relate this incident with great gusto, together with a similar anecdote of his early experience as bishop of New York. Soon after his appointment, a penitent, a very hard case, came to him. When his confession was finished the bishop said: "I hope you have some *douleur* for your sins?" "No, sir, I haint," emphatically replied the penitent. "You have no *douleur* for your sins? then I cannot give you the absolution." Here the man was seen fumbling in all his pockets, as he replied: "Very sorry, sir, but haven't a *dollar* in the world; spent my last davy on a chaw of tobaccy before I come here." These little incidents are too natural we think to be construed into a want of reverence, even by the most ascetic. Of his own administration at the mountain, Fr. Butler's memory was

rife in incident. Speaking one day of the great responsibilities of the post, and among others of the novelty and dread to him of handling such large sums of money, he related the following experience.

He had on hand $10,000 in cash, and was arranging for its investment, when he was suddenly called to Baltimore on some important business in the interest of the college. Not wishing any one to know of the money being in the house, he deposited it in a place he knew could never be divined by another. Unavoidably detained longer than he expected, he at once proceeded on his return to settle the investment of the $10,000, when, to his horror, he found that he had utterly forgotten the place of its concealment. Only those who knew Fr. Butler's keenly sensitive nature can comprehend the agony he endured during a search of over twenty-four hours. Everything was upset again and again in his rooms. He could neither eat nor sleep, while every one plied him with anxious inquiries as to the cause of his apparent illness. His sensitive mind suggested what would be the inevitable conclusion if the money was not forthcoming, which would be corroborated by his hasty journey to Baltimore, his subsequent agitation, and his entire want of proof as to his own integrity and innocence in the case. In the pressure of his great anguish he had lost even the power to pray. When near the close of the second day's search, while sitting in the library, his hands tightly closed over his head, feeling that his brain must give way under the protracted tension of such suffering, his eyes mechanically fell upon the title of some abstruse work on the upper shelves of the bookcase. Like an electric flash memory returned to her throne; he sprang to his feet, every nerve quivering with excitement, took down the books, and found the money safely resting between the leaves of the forgotten volumes. During Fr. Butler's term the venerable Father Baden was a frequent visitor at the college. He was the oldest priest in the United States, having been the first ordained by Archbishop Carroll. In the self-denying fervor of his early piety he had chosen the dangerous and difficult duty of missionary to the Indians, and to the same cause he mainly devoted his long life. He was very fond of preaching, and of relating his religious and social experience among the savage tribes; but as he was not very fluent in his English, and was very prolix in his discourses, young people rather dreaded his pulpit eloquence.

Many years subsequently, when Fr. Butler was stationed at Brown County, Ohio, Father Baden, then in his eightieth year, made him a visit. He rarely ever slept, but spent the night wandering about the house, or into the church, which communicated by the sacristy with the main hall, carrying a lighted candle, to the great terror of the inmates. Upon the backdoor, at the end of the hall, there was hung a full-length, lifelike portrait of Father Mathew. One night Fr. Butler was awakened by hearing Father Baden in seeming altercation with some one. Then came the words: "Ah, you tief! What you do there? Now I got you. So you stand still. You one villain, come to rob the holy church!" Fr. Butler then cautiously opened his door, and beheld the old gentleman only partially clothed, his long white hair dishevelled, with candle raised above his head, standing in a striking attitude, addressing the portrait of Father Mathew, which was the imaginary burglar.

Good, venerable man! More than the allotted years were granted him to do his Master's work, and nobly did he fill the trust.

During the late war Fr. Butler was indefatigable in attention to the wounded and prisoners of all sects. He never allowed his own proclivi-

ties to influence either his duty or sympathies for the suffering. In one instance he became so much interested in the case of a prisoner who was condemned to death, on account of the man's family as well as the extenuating circumstances connected with his offence, that he made the journey from Kentucky to Washington, laid all the circumstances of the case, in person, before Mr. Lincoln, and so eloquently pleaded the cause that he obtained the man's pardon and reprieve. But we must now leave the cherished friend, the beloved pastor, for others. Few have closed the book of life with a longer or brighter record for the glory of God and his Church. The souls he rescued, the sorrowing lives he comforted, the impoverished households he aided, the hospitals and prisons he gladdened with his cheering and sympathetic words, these must ever hold in grateful, loving hearts his memory, as with tear-dimmed eyes they realize the truth that his is

"A hand that can be clasped no more."

Few if any of our colleges have enrolled a brighter galaxy of alumni than Mount St. Mary's. To her the Church is indebted for a long roll of her most distinguished hierarchy, while literature, science, the arts, and legislation have been enriched by many names from her calendar.

This walking with the dead, although a sacred privilege, yet seems like calling them back again to scenes which now for them hold but "a hollow wraith of fame." Yet for the living these retrospections are often consoling, for the rarest virtues and most eminent talents are frequently buried in oblivion, because there can be found neither pen nor voice to perpetuate their praise. But now we must leave those whose lives were hallowed by the "incense of silent prayer;" and as we turn the leaves of the old-time stained records, dot a few names of those lighthearted youths who made mountain and valley echo to the sounds of boyhood's joyous shouts.

Among the earliest familiar names to us are those of the two brothers, William Henry and Joseph Reese Fry, of Philadelphia. William earned distinction in subsequent years as an accomplished *litterateur* and eminent musical critic, in which department of art his genius was pre-eminent as the first composer of an operatic score in America. One who knew him well, who was also a finished musician and accomplished critic, thus spoke of him after his death in a letter to a friend: "Among the men whom this country has produced William's genius in one department of art, and the highest department of that art, occupies a solitary niche. He was born a composer. In his childhood and early youth, when there were none of even the present limited facilities — limited compared with those of Europe—of acquiring musical science, when there were no great singers or instrumentalists to inspire the imagination, when a decent orchestra had never been heard, when Bellini, Donizetti, and their Italian successors had not yet come upon the stage, he composed various elaborate works, among them a grand opera.

"In that juvenile work he anticipated, to my certain knowledge, most of the choral and instrumental effects which have won the claim for originality for various European masters. Nor was he less remarkable for the freshness and variety of the themes than for the regular melodies and melodic phrases. Just before his death, in Santa Cruz, Mr. Fry composed a mass, and although prostrated by the last symptoms of consumption, he accomplished the work in three days. His most loving care was bestowed upon the *benedictus*, and the last lines traced by his trembling fingers were the touch-

ingly suggestive words: *Dona nobis pacem.* In a few hours thereafter the angel of death descended. Fully resigned and conscious, his whitened lips murmuring 'Christ have mercy on my soul,' he left the discordant sounds of earth for the harmonies of heaven."

In all his musical works, William Fry was materially assisted by his brother Joseph, whose fine poetic talent, and general æsthetic tastes and culture, might have gained for him an eminent position, had not family duties compelled him to relinquish the gratifications of such pursuits for the more material one of commerce. The librettos of his brother's operas, the poetry of his ballads, as also the English translation of Norma, were due to his muse.

Obedient to every duty that could enhance the comfort or happiness of his family, he yet devoted his leisure hours to the culture and enjoyment of his more æsthetic tastes. Like his brother, he battled bravely against the insidious advance of disease; but when forced to succumb, in yielding to the inevitable summons, he relinquished all temporal axieties for those consolations that could alone secure eternal happiness.

Subsequently this family was again represented at the mountain by a younger brother, then the pet and baby of the college. Euterpe had likewise endowed him with her harp, and his exquisite voice and marvellous grasp of musical *technique* was astonishing in one so young. The applause and adulation that were lavished upon "little Charley" on all festal occasions was re-echoed in after years as his talents developed; but just as success seemed ready to crown his labors, and all the future was redolent of hopes on the verge of fruition, death laid his icy hand on the fair young head, and form and voice were stilled forever.

Very different was commencement day at the mountain to that described by Byron at his own Cambridge. There all was "decorum, bordering on stupidity;" here dignity was allied with talent, and illumined with genius and *esprit.* One of the students on that occasion, who elicited great interest by his handsome appearance and the fiery vehemence of his declamation, was Fitzhugh Dorsey. As he finished the closing lines of his recitation, and just in the lull that lies between suppressed emotion and applause, there arose a single voice, tremulous with emotion: "Oh, that is my son!" The heart of the proud, loving mother, thus oblivious of time and place in that moment of exultation. But one more term over Virgil and Xenophon remained before the coveted crown should be won; but the aureole of those golden days would never dawn for him. On the usual Thursday holiday, in the following autumn, the boys started out on their annual hunt after chestnuts. Weary with the day's sport and laden with spoil, they were returning home, when some little fellows called the attention of Fitzhugh to the topmost branches of a large chestnut tree, at the same time entreating him to get the fruit for them. As he commenced the ascent some of the larger boys called to him that the tree was old, and the outer branches rotten; but being either too high to hear, or too intent upon the prize, he went on. It seemed but a moment, as they watched his agile form springing from branch to trunk, when there was heard a crash, and, with the rush of impending horror, the body of the brave, handsome youth fell with a rebound to the earth. The saintly Father Bruté was by his side in an instant, and seeing at a glance that all hope of resuscitation was vain, he called for water, and administered the sacrament of baptism. Thus under the double chrism of water and blood, amid the suppressed sobs of his companions, poor Fitzhugh went to his final rest. From that time the fatal tree was guarded

as a sacred memento, and whenever an inmate of the college passed that way the hat was reverently lifted, and a *requiescat in pace* breathed for the soul of him who had died so young.

Saddened by the memory of the lost friend and classmate, the students resumed their studies for the honors of the closing term. Distinguished among many for his "Spartan firmness and Athenian wit" was James F. Meline. He had been chosen to deliver a fine poem, written by one of the professors, "Caius Marius among the Ruins of Carthage;" and he combined in the recitation all the fire of patriotism and pathos of exile that render that historical incident so potent in awakening the sympathies of those who hate injustice and pity misfortune. His rare musical attainments were also evidenced on that occasion by the mastery of five different instruments, whilst his exquisite voice imparted a finish and charm to the trios and quartettes of the programme. Soon after entering college James had lost his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. When at the close of the exercises, Fr. Butler congratulated him upon his great success, his only reply, in a voice choked with emotion and eyes filled with tears, was, "Oh, if mother could only have been here!" Of the subsequent life of Mr. Meline, in redeeming the brilliant promise of his youth, our literary annals bear testimony. The sensational interest awakened by Mr. Froude's *soi-disant History of England* had so enthralled the majority of readers and critics as to lead them into a blind acceptance of fiction in lieu of facts. But Mr. Meline's hatred of all shams, his chivalrous sense of justice for the innocent and wronged, impelled him to enter the lists, in order to expose the garbled authorities and gratuitous interpolations which Mr. Froude had so deftly and dramatically woven into a history of the life and death of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart. The keen analysis, vigorous limning, and clear illustration of Mr. Froude's manner of acquiring and arranging testimony, rendered that gentleman utterly incompetent to defend or refute a single count in the indictment. Critics of all sects and shades of opinion, both here and in England, pronounced this work* a masterpiece of logical and brilliant criticism. Mr. Meline also received letters from many of the most eminent of English and Scotch *litterateurs* in commendation of the deep research and new data that he had brought to sustain his refutation of the old calumnies of Robertson and that *ilk*. Although this work alone would have sufficed for literary repute, yet two other volumes, *Two Thousand Miles on Horseback*, and a *Life of Sixtus Fifth*, together with numerous contributions to the *Galaxy*, the *Nation*, and the *Catholic World*, attest both his industry and erudition. A Catholic by inheritance from ancestors on the side of both parents, Mr. Meline was ever stanch and leal in the cause of the Church. His temperament, however, drew him more to the militant order than to the contemplative. He possessed the spirit from which sprung the knight templar of old, and he would have sacrificed all, like him, in those days of earnest faith, to be champion and crusader in the cause of God and truth. His first tilt in the cause of religion was invoked by an eminent adversary. John Quincy Adams was invited by the Astronomical Society of Cincinnati to deliver the address on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the observatory, in November, 1843. In his version of the astronomical discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo, Mr. Adams made several historical blunders, and tarnished his reputation as a scholar by reiterating the old threadbare falsehoods of the Church's enemies. Mr. Meline, then but a very young man, and a great

* Mary Stuart and her Latest English Historian.

admirer of the octogenarian orator, exposed the historical errors of the learned gentleman in an able pamphlet, which, by its brilliant refutation of error, occasioned the friends of Mr. Adams and the enemies of the Church great mortification.

One of the most eminent members of the hierarchy told the writer of this that he owed his first favorable impressions of Catholicity, and was induced to seek the truth, through conversations held with Mr. Meline, when they were both gay young men together.

The ill-health engendered by camp life during the late war, as a member of Gen. Pope's staff, was borne with the same heroic spirit of endurance and reticence that had marked his character when, in former years, adversity and injustice had chosen him for a mark of venomed arrows. But these only served to test his magnanimous endurance, and ultimately to crown his vindication.

Of many others who might add light or shadow to this pictured story of the olden time we would love to speak, but our limit forbids. Youth was then, indeed, the halcyon era of life. Children were untrammelled by fashion, and preserved from the present system of crowding and cramming the young mind at the expense of health and spirits. For then the fairies danced in every dewy field, and a magic lamp illumined the darkest and dreariest days. For a thorough grounding in all the essential branches of education, for a true appreciation of the holiest and deepest impressions in religion, for a just estimate of the responsibilities and amenities that should ennoble and adorn their social position, the system of forty years ago at the Mountain, and the sister institute of St. Joseph's, may claim equality, if not superiority, over the more flashy schools of the present day. His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, corroborated this assertion last summer when, in his address at the commencement, he said: "I am indebted to this Seminary, more than to any other institution, here or elsewhere, for what I was, what I am, or what I may be, with God's help, in the days to come."

Stronger in physique, more docile under restraint (Young America was then in long clothes), exuberant in the genuine joyousness of youth, the grandparents of to-day gaze longingly back upon their school-days, and, as the mists of years cover the Blue Mountains with a thicker veil, the tear of retrospect falls upon the grave of youth, and a loving *requiescat in pace* soars upward for the friends of yore.

"There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor to the cheek,
And a mist before the eye."

JAMES BONAVENTURA HEPBURN.

This distinguished linguist, whose philological attainments were such as placed him upon a plane of eminence equal if not superior to that occupied by Mithradates, Postellus, and Cardinal Mezzofanti, was born on the 14th of July, 1573, at Hamstocks, East Lothian, Scotland. He received his academical instruction in the College of St. Andrew's. His father, Thomas Hepburn, was the Rector of Hamstocks, and being a convert to the religious opinions of John Knox, strove to bring up his son in the same belief. His efforts, however, proved unavailing, for James in his early youth embraced, with an ardent conviction of their truth, the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church.

Not long after his religious profession he left Scotland and visited France, and then Italy. Thence he travelled extensively through Turkey, Persia, Syria, Palestine, Ethiopia, and most of the Oriental countries. During these travels he, doubtless, applied himself assiduously to the study of the several languages of the countries of which he visited, and laid the foundation of that philological pre-eminence for which he afterwards became distinguished. His peregrinations ended he returned to France, and embraced the monastic life, entering a convent of Minims, founded about 1467, by St. Francis de Paula, in the neighborhood of Avignon.

Thence, after some time, he removed to Rome, and retired to the cloisters of the Holy Trinity, a monastery under the control of the same order. Whilst here the fame of his linguistic attainments reached the ears of the Sovereign Pontiff, Paul V, who called him from his seclusion, and gave to him the wardship and inspection of the Oriental books and manuscripts in the Vatican library, a position he occupied during six years.

We are sorry that we have not been able to ascertain the dates of the various epochs of Hepburn's life. We know, indeed, when he was born, and the year of his death (at Venice, 1621, aged 48 years); but when he left school, when and how long he remained in France and Italy, the duration of his travels, etc., are circumstances we have not been able to determine.

The precocity of his intellect whilst yet a youth may, however, be judged from the statement of Dempster (who visited Italy during Hepburn's residence there, and may possibly have known him), that already in 1591, when he could have been but eighteen years of age, he published, at Rome, in one volume quarto, a Hebrew and Chaldaic dictionary, and an Arabic grammar. His subsequent writings were the following:

A translation of some of the Psalms of David from the Hebrew into Latin, accompanied with a commentary. The Cether Malcuth of Rabbi Solomon, the son of Isemach; also a translation from the Hebrew into Latin. This work, called by Dempster *Diadema Regis*, was printed at Venice, under the title of *Gloria et Decus Israelis*. It consists of homilies on the glory and privileges of the Jewish people. He also published in Latin versions of a Treatise on the Mystical Numbers, and of a Sevenfold Method of Interpreting the Scriptures, from the Hebrew of Eben Ezra; of the Kagnarath Keseph, or Silver Shield; of a book of Canticles, by the Rabbi Joseph; of the Sepher Hacabala of Abraham Levita; of an abridged chronicle of the affairs of the Romans; of a history of the acts of the kings of Israel, from an author un-

known; of several letters, by Jewish rabbins; of the commentaries of the Rabbi Kimki on the Psalms; of a collection of all the synonymous words found in the Bible, and of the Shimush Tehillum, or Office of the Psalms.

All of these works were produced by Hepburn previous to his seclusion within the cloisters of a monastery, to which he is said to have retired at rather an early period of his life. After this event he made the following translations from Hebrew into Latin: The History of Judith; The Bashba, or Holy Worship of Solomon, the Son of Adrath; A Book on the Death of Moses and of Aaron; The Chronicle of Moses, the Legislator; Levi Ben Gerson's Commentary on the Pentateuch; The Book of Tobias; The Book of Eldad of the Tribe of Dan; The Parables of Sanhabar, with the Acts of the Seven Wise Men; The Proverbs of the Fifty Disciples; The Office of the Blessed Virgin in Hebrew Rhymes; The Shadnarai Tseek or the Porches of Justice, by Rabbi Joseph, the son of Karintoil; The Book of Enoch; and, lastly, The Sepher Jetzira, or the Book of the Creation, a work attributed by the Rabbins to the pen of no less a personage than the Patriarch Abraham.

Whilst the above list of works attests the intimate familiarity of our author with the Hebrew language and literature, it is in his "Schema LXXII Idiomatum" that he reveals the extent of his linguistic attainments. This "Schema" is a large engraving, made at Rome in 1616, and dedicated to the Pontiff Paul V. Its full title is the following: "Schema LXXII Idiomatum, sive Virgo Aurea Septuaginta Duobus encomiis cœlata, Romæ, 1616. Qui Beata Virgo dicitur tot Annis in Vivis fuisse; et ille numerus Discipulorum est Christi; et R. Cardinalium; et tot Mysteria in Nomine Dei." J. Lettice, B.D., author of *Letters on a Tour through various parts of Scotland*, thus describes it, giving for his authority the learned Doctor Mackenzie:

"At the top of the engraving," he says, "is represented, in gorgeous apparel, the Virgin Mary, with a circle of stars round her head. Upon the robe is inscribed her name in Hebrew characters. Encomiums in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew emanate like rays from every part of her person. Above her head are pictured the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; on either side of her are distributed angels and the twelve apostles; beneath her feet shine the moon and stars. Below these brilliant objects are placed seven columns or pillars, in the first and last of which our author explains his design of representing on the five intermediate ones, in seventy-two languages, so many passages of Scripture, with certain emblems adapted to each; the whole expressing encomiums on the Blessed Virgin.

"The first of the five interior columns exhibits the following alphabets, emblems, and Scripture passages: The Babylonian alphabet; waters flowing from different conduits, for the emblem; and its inscription, 'The Waters of Paradise.' The Hieroglyphic alphabet; emblem, a beautiful mirror; inscription, 'A mirror without spot.' The Apollonic alphabet; emblem, an open book; inscription, 'The Book of God's Law.' The Egyptian alphabet; emblem, the head of a beautiful woman; inscription, 'The King's Daughter is all glorious within.' The Cuffean alphabet; emblem, a great city; inscription, 'Brighter than the Sun.' The Etruscan alphabet; emblem, angels ascending and descending a ladder; inscription, 'Jacob's ladder.' The Saracenial alphabet; emblem, a bed, with the Madonna and child; inscription, 'Behold the Bed! that of King Solomon.' The Assyrian alphabet; emblem,

Judith with Holofernes' head in one hand and the sword in the other. Mackenzie has omitted the inscription. In this manner our author proceeds to complete his first column with the Armenian, Syro-Armenian, Illyrian, Sabæan, Ethiopian, Phœnician, French, and German alphabets.

"The second column presents the Gothic, Getic, Scythian, Messagetic, Mercurial-Egyptiac, Isiac-Egyptiac, the Greek, Ionic, Aeolic, Attic, Doric, Latino-Greek, Coptic, Jacobitic, Servian, Irish, and Scottish alphabets.

"In the third column is the portrait of the Pontiff Paul V, with a Latin distich, remarkable for its alliteration, and an antithesis betwixt the *Minim* addressing it, and the *Mundi Maximus* or Pope to whom it is addressed. The remaining ornaments of this column consist of the portraits of Barsheba and Esther, with the Syriac and Maronite alphabets.

"The fourth column is occupied by the Chaldaic, Palestine, Canaanean, Persian, African, Arabic, Judean, Turkish, the Rabbinical, Galilean, Spanish-Rabbinical, Hebræo-Arabic, Syro-Hebraic, and Mystical alphabets.

"The fifth and last column contains the Seraphic, Supercelestial, the Angelical, Enochian, Punic, Hebrew, Samaritan, Mosaic, Judæo-Samaritan, Idumean, Halorabbinic, Brachman, Adamean, Solomonic, and Noachic alphabets."

It is asserted that Hepburn was sufficiently skilled in all these languages to write in each of them, and that there was scarcely a region of the globe with whose inhabitants he could not have conversed in their own tongue. Vincurtius Blancus makes honorable mention of him in his letters; James Gaffarel, the learned canonist, commends him in the highest terms, in his *Book of Unheard of Curiosities;* and finally, Doctor Mackenzie, the Addison of Scotland, stoutly maintains for the honor of his country, that his countryman, Hepburn, the Minim, was the greatest linguist, not only of his own age, but of any age that had been since the creation of the world.

We do not presume to express our opinion as to the correctness of Dr. Mackenzie's estimation of Hepburn, but we nevertheless may be permitted to doubt whether since his death, in 1621, the world has produced his superior in natural abilities. We know indeed of the great linguistic attainments of Cardinal Mezzofanti, who is said to have been acquainted with one hundred and fourteen languages, but we remember also that his eminence lived to the ripe old age of seventy-five, and in a period of rapid communication, and of superior literary advantages, whereas our indefatigable Minim passed his span of forty-eight years in an age whose facilities for the cultivation of knowledge, whether by travelling or books, were extremely scanty.

SOLILOQUY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

ALL alone! no tender need
Now to keep my anguish dumb,
No sweet sacrifice of tears,
That, to loving hearts might come,
Like relentless calls to wake the pain
Their own sorrow had made numb!

No! this desolation gives
Woful freedom for my woe,
And my heart, thy wailing voice
On their thoughts no cloud can throw;
So wail on—these cruel prison-walls
For thy grief no pang can know!

Yes, alone! O word complete!
In whose circlet dark to set
The wan picture of what dwells
In the widow's lot. Oh, let
But thy tears this title write, my heart
Saddest given to thee yet!

Alone! Oh, my murdered one—
Louis! Can love call thee here?
E'en when childish troubles came,
Thy hand dried each foolish tear,
In the days so sweet, Trianon's days,
When I knew not strife lurked near;

When, in trifles, I forgot
All the perils of a throne,
All thy royal heritage
Of dark danger, and, my own
Chafed at thy fair patience and thy truth,
Now—'tis just. I am alone.

Ah! I call on thee in vain,
And the voice that answers not,
Finds an echo in my soul,
Telling all my shadowed lot.
Oh, beloved, that echo is "alone!"
My sad life its sound hath wrought!

Louis! Nay, hush! selfish heart,
Wouldst thou call him to this world,
Bounded by a prison's walls,
Where Hate hath her flag unfurled,
And where demon Treason coward slings
At his noble head has hurled?

Oh, my husband! Hush, mad lips!
He ne'er turned from *that* dear name.
Would ye smile, if, chained again,
He at your wild bidding came?
Smile, that now the sainted heart was torn
With wounds, e'en as yours, the same?

No, the grave is peace, is sleep.
Softly rest, beloved, and think,
That my sighs your slumber lull;
That my tears in silence sink
Lest a sound disturb you; and these tears
Shall my smothered longings drink.

But, oh cruel walls, that shut
From my sight and heart my boy,
I will pierce ye with my calls
For *his* presence! Not in joy,
Or in peace, or hope, is his life set;
I, for him, no bliss destroy!

E'en this prison-cell held light,
While his presence sweet was here;
E'en its air soft music breathed,
While his child-lips called me dear;
And the very pattering of his feet
On this floor for me held cheer.

And I half forgot my griefs,
When his tiny garments called
For my skill to keep them whole;
The sweet task my heart enthralled!
From my soul e'en dreams of my lost crown,
By this tender work were walled!

Yes, my boy, I may give vent
To my longings sad for thee.
Sister, daughter, I have bid
Leave my presence, to be free
From their fond watch, which would wrap itself
Round my woe, and silence me.

And yon wall, which shuts them out
From this vision of my woe,
Shall but echo my heart-cries:
Come, sweet son, let these tears flow
E'en but once, on that fair, shining head,
It will ease thy mother so!

Come but once more at my knee,
Bend to say thy evening prayer,
Looking, with thy father's eyes,
To the Heaven he now doth share,
With the God thy child-heart rev'rences
As thou kneel'st so sweetly there.

Come, dear, ask of him once more,
"*Pity my simplicity!*"
Sweetest prayer we mothers teach
To the lips of such as thee!
Come—oh God, *who* puts him in his bed,
Who now his dear needs can see?

Who dares own *my* privilege,
Who bends o'er his little face,
As it on the pillow lies?
Who his guileless thoughts may trace?
Do *they* "pity" his "simplicity,"
Who have ta'en his mother's place?

God, *thou* seest him; thou art there!
Nay, rebellious heart, bow down;
The child's simple words could tell
What thou hast forgot to own,
What thy bitter wails almost denied,
When thou calledst thyself—*alone!*

Little child! I hear it now!
"Mother, *God is everywhere!*"
Thou hast said it to me oft,
Faith's light making thy face fair,
And my own lips taught the lesson grand,
But to utter which—is prayer!

Not alone—oh, wondrous words!
Not alone—oh, tender God!
"Everywhere" can hold this cell,
"Everywhere" can pierce the clod
Of this life's poor woes; let me lose in prayer
All the paths of grief I've trod!

Let me kneel and wait thy call,
Lost in that high maze of prayer.
It will not be long till thou
Wilt let me thy sweet peace share,
Wilt send Death, thy angel, with my crown,
Thou, who art everywhere!

MRS. BADGERY.

Is there any law which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

I am a bachelor, and Mrs. Badgery is a widow. Let nobody rashly imagine that I am about to relate a commonplace grievance, because I have suffered that first sentence to escape my pen. My objection to Mrs. Badgery is, not that she is too fond of me, but that she is too fond of the memory of her late husband. She has not attempted to marry me; she would not think of marrying me even if I asked her. Understand, therefore, if you please, at the outset, that my grievance in relation to this widow lady is a grievance of an entirely new kind.

Let me begin again. I am a bachelor of a certain age. I have a large circle of acquaintances; but I solemnly declare that the late Mr. Badgery was never numbered in the list of my friends; I never heard of him in my life; I never knew that he had left a relict; I never set eyes on Mrs. Badgery until one fatal morning when I went to see if the fixtures were all right in my new house.

My new house is in the suburbs. I looked at it, liked it, took it. Three times I visited it before I sent my furniture in. Once with a friend, once with a surveyor, once by myself, to throw a sharp eye, as I have already intimated, over the fixtures. The third visit marked the fatal occasion on which I first saw Mrs. Badgery. A deep interest attaches to this event, and I shall go into details in describing it.

I rang at the bell of the garden-door. The old woman appointed to keep the house answered it. I directly saw something strange and confused in her face and manner. Some men would have pondered a little and questioned her. I am by nature impetuous and a rusher at conclusions. "Drunk," I said to myself, and walked on into the house perfectly satisfied.

I looked into the front parlor. Grate all right, curtain-pole all right, gas chandelier all right. I looked into the back parlor—ditto, ditto, ditto, as we men of business say. I mounted the stairs. Blind on back window right? Yes; blind on back window right. I opened the door of the front drawing-room—and there, sitting in the middle of the bare floor, was a large woman on a little camp-stool! She was dressed in the deepest mourning, her face was hidden by the thickest crape veil I ever saw, and she was groaning softly to herself in the desolate solitude of my new unfurnished house.

What did I do? Do! I bounced back into the landing as if I had been shot, uttering the national exclamation of terror and astonishment: "Hullo!" And then I turned round fiercely upon the old woman who kept the house, and said "Hullo!" again.

She understood the irresistible appeal that I had made to her feelings, and courteseyed, and looked towards the drawing-room, and humbly hoped that I was not startled or put out. I asked who the crape-covered woman on the camp-stool was, and what she wanted there? Before the old woman could answer, the soft groaning in the drawing-room ceased, and a muffled voice, speaking from behind the crape veil, addressed me reproachfully, and said:

"I am the widow of the late Mr. Badgery."

What did I say in answer? Exactly the words which, I flatter myself any other sensible man in my situation would have said. And what words were they? These two:

"Oh, indeed!"

"Mr. Badgery and myself were the last tenants who inhabited this house," continued the muffled voice. "Mr. Badgery died here." The voice ceased, and the soft groans began again.

It was perhaps not necessary to answer this; but I did answer it. How? In one word:

"Ha!"

"Our house has been long empty," resumed the voice, choked by sobs. "Our establishment has been broken up. Being left in reduced circumstances, I now live in a cottage near; but it is not home to me. This is home. However long I live, wherever I go, whatever changes may happen to this beloved house, nothing can ever prevent me from looking on it as *my* home. I came here, sir, with Mr. Badgery after our honeymoon. All the brief happiness of my life was once contained within these four walls. Every dear remembrance that I fondly cherish is shut up in these sacred rooms."

Again the voice ceased, and again the soft groans echoed round my empty walls, and oozed out past me down my uncarpeted staircase.

I reflected. Mrs. Badgery's brief happiness and dear remembrances were not included in the list of fixtures. Why could she not take them away with her? Why should she leave them littered about in the way of my furniture? I was just thinking how I could put this view of the case strongly to Mrs. Badgery, when she suddenly left off groaning, and addressed me once more.

"While this house has been empty," she said, "I have been in the habit of looking in from time to time, and renewing my tender associations with the place. I have lived, as it were, in the sacred memories of Mr. Badgery and of the past, which these dear, these priceless rooms call up, dismantled and dusty as they are at the present moment. It has been my practice to give a remuneration to the attendant for any slight trouble that I might occasion—"

"And to ask nothing in return," continued Mrs. Badgery, "but the permission to bring my camp-stool with me, and to meditate on Mr. Badgery in the empty rooms, with every one of which some happy thought, or eloquent word, or tender action of his, is so sweetly associated. I came here on my usual errand today. I am discovered, I presume, by the new proprietor of the house—discovered, I am quite ready to admit, as an intruder. I am willing to go, if you wish it after hearing my explanation. My heart is full, sir; I am quite incapable of contending with you. You would hardly think it, but I am sitting on the spot once occupied by our ottoman. I am looking towards the window in which my flower-stand once stood. In this very place Mr. Badgery first sat down and clasped me to his heart, when we came back from our honey-moon

trip. 'Matilda,' he said, 'your drawing-room has been expensively papered, carpeted, and furnished for a month; but it has only been adorned, love, since you entered it.' If you have no sympathy, sir, for such remembrances as these; if you see nothing pitiable in my position, taken in connection with my presence here; if you cannot enter into my feelings, and thoroughly understand that this is not a house, but a shrine—you have only to say so, and I am quite willing to go."

She spoke with the air of a martyr—a martyr to my insensibility. If she had been the proprietor and I had been the intruder, she could not have been more mournfully magnanimous. All this time, too, she never raised her veil—she never has raised it, in my presence, from that time to this. I have no idea whether she is young or old, dark or fair, handsome or ugly; my impression is, that she is in every respect a finished and perfect Gorgon, but I have no basis of fact on which I can support that dismal idea. A moving mass of crape, and a muffled voice—that, if you drive me to it, is all I know, in a personal point of view, of Mrs. Badgery.

"Ever since my irreparable loss this has been the shrine of my pilgrimage, and the altar of my worship," proceeded the voice. "One man may call himself a landlord, and say that he will let it; another man may call himself a tenant, and say that he will take it. I don't blame either of those two men; I don't wish to intrude on either of those two men; I only tell them that this is my home; that my heart is still in possession, and that no mortal laws, landlords, or tenants can ever turn it out. If you don't understand this, sir; if the holiest feelings that do honor to our common nature have no particular sanctity in your estimation, pray do not scruple to say so; pray tell me to go."

"I don't wish to do anything uncivil, ma'am," said I. "But I am a single man, and I am not sentimental." (Mrs. Badgery groaned.) "Nobody told me I was coming into a shrine when I took this house; nobody warned me, when I first went over it, that there was a heart in possession. I regret to have disturbed your meditations, and I am sorry to hear that Mr. Badgery is dead. That is all I have to say about it; and now, with your kind permission, I will do myself the honor of wishing you good morning, and will go upstairs to look after the fixtures on the second floor."

Could I have given a gentler hint than this? Could I have spoken more compassionately to a woman whom I sincerely believe to be old and ugly? Where is the man to be found who can lay his hand on his heart and honestly say that he ever really pitied the sorrows of a Gorgon? Search through the whole surface of the globe, and you will discover human phenomena of all sorts, but you will not find that man.

To resume. I made her a bow, and left her on the camp-stool, in the middle of the drawing-room floor, exactly as I had found her. I ascended to the second floor, walked into the back room first, and inspected the grate. It appeared to be a little out of repair, so I stooped down to look at it closer. While I was kneeling over the bars I was violently startled by the fall of one large drop of warm water, from a great height, exactly in the middle of a bald place, which has been widening a great deal of late years on the top of my head. I turned on my knees and looked round. Heaven and earth! the crape-covered woman had followed me upstairs — the source from which the drop of warm water had fallen was no other than Mrs. Badgery's eye.

"I wish you could contrive not to cry over the top of my head, ma'am," said I. My patience was becoming exhausted, and I spoke

with considerable asperity. The curly-headed youth of the present age may not be able to sympathize with my feelings on this occasion; but my bald brethren know, as well as I do, that the most unpardonable of all liberties is a liberty taken with the unguarded top of the human head.

Mrs. Badgery did not seem to hear me. When she had dropped the tear, she was standing exactly over me, looking down at the grate; and she never stirred an inch after I had spoken. "Don't cry over my head, ma'am," I repeated more irritably than before.

"This was his dressing-room," said Mrs. Badgery, indulging in muffled soliloquy. "He was singularly particular about his shaving-water. He always liked to have it in a little tin pot, and he invariably desired that it might be placed on this hob." She groaned again, and tapped one side of the grate with the leg of her camp-stool.

If I had been a woman, or if Mrs. Badgery had been a man, I should now have proceeded to extremities, and should have vindicated my right to my own house by an appeal to physical force. Under existing circumstances, all that I could do was to express my indignation by a glance. The glance produced not the slightest result—and no wonder. Who can look at a woman with any effect through a crape veil?

I retreated into the second-floor front room, and instantly shut the door after me. The next moment I heard the rustling of the crape garments outside, and the muffled voice of Mrs. Badgery poured lamentably through the keyhole.

"Do you mean to make that your bedroom?" asked the voice on the other side of the door. "Oh, don't make that your bedroom! I am going away directly; but, oh pray, pray let that one room be sacred! Don't sleep there! If you can possibly help it, don't sleep there!"

I opened the window, and looked up and down the road. If I had seen a policeman within hail I should certainly have called him in. No such person was visible. I shut the window again, and warned Mrs. Badgery, through the door, in my sternest tones, not to interfere with my domestic arrangements. "I mean to have my bedstead put up here," I said. "And what is more, I mean to sleep here. And what is more, I mean to snore here!" Severe, I think, that last sentence? It completely crushed Mrs. Badgery for the moment. I heard the crape garments rustling away from the door; I heard the muffled groans going slowly and solemnly down the stairs again.

In due course of time, I also descended to the ground floor. Had Mrs. Badgery really left the premises? I looked into the front parlor—empty. Back parlor—empty. Any other room on the ground floor? Yes; a long room at the end of the passage. The door was closed. I opened it cautiously, and peeped in. A faint scream, and a smack of two distractedly-clasped hands saluted my appearance. There she was, again on the camp-stool, again sitting exactly in the middle of the floor.

"Don't, don't look in that way!" cried Mrs. Badgery, wringing her hands. "I could bear it in any other room, but I can't bear it in this. Every Monday morning I looked out the things for the wash in this room. He was difficult to please about his linen; the washerwoman never put starch enough into his collars to satisfy him. Oh, how often and often has he popped his head in here, as you popped yours just now; and said, in his amusing way, 'More starch!' Oh, how droll he always was—how very, very droll in this dear little back room!"

I said nothing. The situation had now got beyond words. I stood with the door in my hand, looking down the passage towards the garden,

and waiting doggedly for Mrs. Badgery to go out. My plan succeeded. She rose, sighed, shut up the camp-stool, stalked along the passage, paused on the hall mat, said to herself, "Sweet, sweet spot," descended the steps, groaned along the gravel-walk, and disappeared from view at last through the garden-door.

"Let her in again at your peril," said I to the woman who kept the house. She courteseyed and trembled. I left the premises, satisfied with my own conduct, under very trying circumstances, delusively convinced also that I had done with Mrs. Badgery.

The next day I sent in the furniture. The most unprotected object on the face of this earth is a house when the furniture is going in. The doors must be kept open; and employ as many servants as you may, nobody can be depended on as a domestic sentry so long as the van is at the gate. The confusion of "moving in" demoralizes the steadiest disposition, and there is no such thing as a properly guarded post from the top of the house to the bottom. How the invasion was managed, how the surprise was effected, I know not; but it is certainly the fact, that when my furniture went in, the inevitable Mrs. Badgery went in along with it.

I have some very choice engravings, after the old masters; and I was first awakened to a consciousness of Mrs. Badgery's presence in the house while I was hanging up one of them over the front parlor fireplace. "Not there!" cried the muffled voice imploringly. "*His* portrait used to hang there. Oh, what a print to put where *his* dear portrait used to be!" I turned round in a fury. There she was, still muffled up in crape, still carrying her abominable camp-stool. Before I could say a word in remonstrance, six men in green baize aprons staggered in with my sideboard, and Mrs. Badgery suddenly disappeared. Had they trampled her under foot or crushed her in the doorway? Though not an inhuman man by nature, I asked myself those questions quite composedly. No very long time elapsed before they were practically answered in the negative by the reappearance of Mrs. Badgery herself, in a perfectly unruffled condition of chronic grief. In the course of the day I had my toes trodden on, I was knocked about by my own furniture, the six men in baize aprons dropped all sorts of small articles over me in going up and down stairs; but Mrs. Badgery escaped unscathed. Every time I thought she had been turned out of the house she proved, on the contrary, to be groaning close behind me. She wept over Mr. Badgery's memory in every room, perfectly undisturbed to the last, by the chaotic confusion of moving in. I am not sure, but I think she brought a tin box of sandwiches with her, and celebrated a tearful pic-nic of her own in the groves of my front garden. I say I am not sure of this; but I am positively certain that I never entirely got rid of her all day; and I know to my cost that she insisted on making me as well acquainted with Mr. Badgery's favorite notions and habits as I am with my own. It may interest the reader if I report that my taste in carpets is not equal to Mr. Badgery's; that my ideas on the subject of servants' wages are not so generous as Mr. Badgery's; and that I ignorantly persisted in placing a sofa in the position which Mr. Badgery, in his time, considered to be particularly fitted for an arm-chair. I could go nowhere, look nowhere, do nothing, say nothing, all that day, without bringing the widowed incubus in the crape garments down upon me immediately. I tried civil remonstrances, I tried rude speeches, I tried sulky silence—nothing had the least effect on her. The memory of Mr. Badgery was the shield of proof

with which she warded off my fiercest attacks. Not till the last article of furniture had been moved in, did I lose sight of her; and even then she had not really left the house. One of my six men in green baize aprons routed her out of the back-garden area, where she was telling my servants, with floods of tears, of Mr. Badgery's virtuous strictness with his housemaid in the matter of followers. My admirable man in green baize courageously saw her out, and shut the garden-door after her. I gave him half a crown on the spot, and if anything happens to him I am ready to make the future prosperity of his fatherless family my own peculiar care.

The next day was Sunday, and I attended for the first time my new parish church. A popular preacher had been announced, and the building was crowded. I advanced a little way up the nave, and looked to my right, and saw no room. Before I could look to my left, I felt a hand laid persuasively on my arm. I turned round—and there was Mrs. Badgery, with her pew-door open, solemnly beckoning me in. The crowd had closed up behind me; the eyes of a dozen members of the congregation, at least, were fixed on me. I had no choice but to save appearances, and accept the dreadful invitation. There was a vacant place next to the door of the pew. I tried to drop into it, but Mrs. Badgery stopped me. "*His* seat," she whispered, and signed to me to place myself on the other side of her. It is unnecessary to say that I had to climb over a hassock, and that I knocked down all Mrs. Badgery's devotional books before I succeeded in passing between her and the front of the pew. She cried uninterruptedly through the sermon; composed herself when it was over; and began to tell me what Mr. Badgery's opinions had been on points of abstract theology. Fortunately there was great confusion and crowding at the door of the church; and I escaped at the hazard of my life, by running round the back of the carriages. I passed the interval between the services alone in the fields, being deterred from going home by the fear that Mrs. Badgery might have got there before me.

Monday came. I positively ordered my servants to let no lady in deep mourning pass inside the garden-door, without first consulting me. After that, feeling tolerably secure, I occupied myself in arranging my books and prints. I had not pursued this employment much more than an hour, when one of the servants burst excitedly into the room, and informed me that a lady in deep mourning had been taken faint, just outside my door, and had requested leave to come in and sit down for a few moments. I ran down the garden path to bolt the door, and arrived just in time to see it violently pushed open by an officious and sympathizing crowd. They drew away on either side as they saw me. There she was, leaning on the grocer's shoulder, with the butcher's boy in attendance, carrying her camp-stool! Leaving my servants to do what they liked with her, I ran back and locked myself up in my bedroom. When she evacuated the premises, some hours afterwards, I received a message of apology, informing me that this particular Monday was the sad anniversary of her wedding day, and that she had been taken faint in consequence at the sight of her lost husband's house.

Tuesday forenoon passed away happily, without any new invasion. After lunch, I thought I would go out and take a walk. My garden-door has a sort of peep-hole in it, covered with a wire grating. As I got close to this grating, I thought I saw something mysteriously dark on the outer side of it. I bent my head down to look through, and instantly found myself face to face with the crape veil. "Sweet, sweet spot!"

said the muffled voice, speaking straight into my eyes through the grating. The usual groans followed, and the name of Mr. Badgery was plaintively pronounced before I could recover myself sufficiently to retreat to the house.

Wednesday is the day on which I am writing this narrative. It is not twelve o'clock yet, and there is every probability that some new form of sentimental persecution is in store for me before the evening. Thus far, these lines contain a perfectly true statement of Mrs. Badgery's conduct towards me since I entered on the possession of my house and her shrine. What am I to do?—that is the point I wish to insist on—what am I to do? How am I to get away from the memory of Mr. Badgery, and the unappeasable grief of his disconsolate widow? Any other species of invasion it is possible to resist; but how is a man placed in my unhappy and unparalleled circumstances to defend himself? I can't keep a dog ready to fly at Mrs. Badgery. I can't charge her at a police-court with being oppressively fond of the house in which her husband died. I can't set mantraps for a woman, or prosecute a weeping widow as a trespasser and a nuisance. I am helplessly involved in the unrelaxing folds of Mrs. Badgery's crape veil. Surely there was no exaggeration in my language when I said that I was a sufferer under a perfectly new grievance? Can anybody advise me? Has anybody had even the faintest and remotest experience of the peculiar form of persecution under which I am now suffering? If nobody has, is there any legal gentleman who can answer the all-important question which appears at the head of this narrative? I began by asking that question because it was uppermost in my mind. It is uppermost in my mind still, and I therefore beg leave to conclude appropriately by asking it again:

Is there any law in existence which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On last Easter Monday, April 17th, Orestes A. Brownson, LL.D., died at the residence of his son, Detroit, Mich., having previously received the last sacraments of the Church.

The deceased was born in Stockbridge, Vermont, September 16th, 1803. Left an orphan when but six years old, he was placed under the care of two old persons, nominally Congregationalists, but really of no particular religion, yet simple-minded, upright persons. They taught him "to be honest, and to speak the truth," and also the Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. He learned to read at a very early age, and his thoughts were principally on religion. He took the greatest interest in conversing or hearing others converse about it.

This religious disposition was not, however, directed and supplemented by any instruction in Christian doctrine. "I was taught," says Dr. Brownson, "the Apostles' Creed, but I received no instruction as to its sense. I probably believed the greater part of it, but to the articles affirming the Holy Catholic Church and the communion of saints I attached no meaning."

The consequence of this soon became apparent. He began to attend the "meetings" of different religious sects, and his head became confused with the contradictory opinions he heard advanced, until at last he was "half persuaded that all religion was either priest-craft or state-craft."

The conviction, however, that he needed religion still clung to him, and also a sense of the fact that true religion necessarily rests on a basis of divine authority. But this authority he looked for in vain amongst the sects; and as for the Catholic Church he knew nothing about it.

"I have done my best," he says, when he

was nineteen years old, "to find the truth, . . . and to lead a religious life; . . . yet here I am without faith, without hope, without love, ... My life is a stream that flows out of darkness into darkness. . . . . In attempting to follow the light of reason alone, have I not lost faith, ... and plunged myself into spiritual darkness? I must have a guide. . . . I will make myself a member of the Church, and do what she commands me." The only "church" he knew that claimed authority was the Presbyterian. Accordingly he joined it. But he soon found that he "had made a mistake." It claimed authority over him, yet disclaimed the right to teach him, and sent him to the Bible for instruction. It exercised rigid discipline over him, yet could show no divine authority for it. He broke loose from Presbyterianism therefore, and, seeing no other religious body amongst the sects that had any valid claim to authority, he became a "no-church man," and a Universalist. This, however, could not satisfy his spiritual necessities; he therefore soon abandoned it, and in his wanderings through the labyrinth of doubt, without a certain guide or teacher, he investigated and tested almost every error that can be named. He never, however, amidst all his rationalistic studies and speculations, got rid of the conviction of the insufficiency of unaided human reason, and at last was brought by divine grace to examine the claims of the Catholic Church, which, up to this time, he had regarded as embodying everything that was base and vile and preposterous. In her he found that divine authority for which he so long had been vainly searching. As her authority was divine authority, there was nothing unreasonable in submitting to it. On the contrary, submission to her teaching was, in the highest degree, a reasonable act, because it was submitting to a divinely appointed teacher that could not err.

The submission of his reason to the authority of any sect was irrational, because they, one and all, confessedly had no authority to teach, and no ability to teach infallibly and with certainty. The authority they exercised, therefore, was tyranny, and submission to it was slavery.

After Dr. Brownson was received into the Church, he felt that he was standing upon the impregnable basis of unchanging truth. His rare intellectual powers attained a still higher degree of vigor and greatness. All the results of previous studies were made subservient to the exposure of error and the defence of truth. His mind was clear, analytical, and penetrating; his mastery of the English language perfect; his method of argumentation direct and exhaustive. He instinctively saw and laid hold of the fundamental point in the discussion, and brought it out so clearly into view, that his statements carried with them their own demonstration. He was unquestionably the ablest lay Catholic controversialist in the United States. He had the great advantage in controversy with his opponents of having studied their erroneous systems more profoundly than they had themselves, and of understanding them more thoroughly. He consequently could at once put his hand upon the fundamental fallacy and drag it plainly into view.

In all the opinions he held, he bowed submissively to the teachings of the Church, and whatever she taught he was prepared to accept, because her authority to teach was the authority which God had constituted and made infallible.

Dr. Brownson was a voluminous writer. For a period of thirty-one years, excepting the interval between 1864 and 1873, he published a Review, which was called after his own name, and nearly all the articles of which were written by himself. During the discontinuance of his Review he contributed many able articles to the *Catholic World* and the *New York Tablet*. The last series of his Review he closed in October, 1875, on account of failing sight and growing old age. To the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, which was established immediately upon the cessation of his Review, he gave his hearty co-operation and support. He furnished an able article for its first number, and intended, if health permitted, to contribute regularly to its pages. Death, however, claimed him, and his long life of labor is forever closed.

May he rest in peace.

THE rebellion of the people of Herzegovina against the Turkish Government still continues. After repeated, persistent attempts, through the joint efforts of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England, to reconcile the contending parties, the difficulties in the way of a peaceful adjustment appear to be greater than ever. The insurgents are increasing in strength and boldness, and the probability of Servia taking up arms in their behalf is daily becoming stronger. The virtual bankruptcy of the Turkish Government, too, renders it impossible for that power to put the military forces into the field required to suppress the rebellion, which seems to be gathering strength from the active sympathy which seems likely at any moment to change into active support, of the Slavic populations of the countries adjoining Herzegovina.

The situation is rendered more uncertain by the doubts entertained as to the real intentions and future action of Russia. Officially and openly she is acting with Prussia and Austria, in endeavors to prevent the spread of the rebellion and suppress it. But

it is not at all clear that the real intentions and wishes of the Russian Government are not directly contrary to its official action; and that whilst seeming to co-operate with Austria, and Prussia, and England in upholding the Turkish Government and endeavoring to pacify the insurgents, Russia is secretly fomenting rebellion and encouraging its leaders, with a view to increasing the difficulties of the Sultan of Turkey, and finally absorbing a part of his dominions and seizing upon Constantinople.

It may be that the approaching summer may be one of peace in Europe, but again it may easily come to pass that ere the grain now springing in the fields has ripened, the earth will be trampled by contending hosts and reddened with their blood.

Some persons, remembering merely the oppression and cruelties which Catholics have suffered from Mohammedans, take it for granted that the exchange of the rule of Turkey for that of Russia would secure more freedom for Catholics. This is, however, not by any means certain. Of late years Catholics have enjoyed more freedom of belief and worship in Turkey than in Russia. The Russian Government is professedly Christian, but it is intolerant to the last degree, and has practiced, even recently, the most horrible and cruel barbarities upon the Catholics of Poland, banishing them to Siberia, quartering soldiers upon them, beating and scourging them, and in other ways attempting to force them to abandon the Catholic religion and embrace that of the so-called "Greek Church."

THERE is in England a "Catholic Poor School Committee," composed of the leading lay Catholics of the kingdom, acting with the Catholic hierarchy, and serving as a medium of communication between the Government on the one side and the Catholic body on the other. Does a Catholic parish sorely need a school, its claims are presented to the Catholic Poor School Committee, who aids it by money grants, and obtains a grant also from government. The school is built, the pastor appoints the teachers, and superintends the instruction given; and, periodically, a government inspector—a man of honor and experience—examines the scholars in secular knowledge, sees that the standard of tuition is up to the mark, and that each scholar has attended a certain number of days in the year, and, on presenting a favorable report, a *per capita* allowance is granted to such school for its annual running expenses. The inspector does not touch the religious instruction.

By this sensible plan everybody is pleased, except a few no-Popery bigots. The pastor exercises his rightful influence, the parents obtain a sound Catholic education for the children, the state secures good citizens, and the national prosperity is advanced. In addition to all this, the liberality of Catholics is excited, and their unity of feeling promoted. All over the country Catholics contribute to the funds of the Catholic Poor School Committee, so that the richer districts help the poorer; and yet the aid afforded by the Committee is contingent on the district to be benefited doing its full share.

In addition to all these advantages, the co-operation of clergy and laity has a good effect.

Have we nothing to learn from this in America? Much every way.

THE Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, may be used in two different methods. It may be viewed merely as a "big show;" visitors may stare around, and leave finally with only a vague impression that they have seen a variety of strange and beautiful objects; or, on the other hand, they may intelligently study it. A visit, or rather a series of visits, to the Art Gallery alone may almost give a liberal education to a man, if made intelligently. Curiosity is excited, and the manners, dress, and ideas of other peoples in distant ages may be noted and examined. Historical scenes, to be appreciated, must be "read up," and portraits of distinguished persons naturally lead to inquiries as to who they were, and when they lived. Landscapes afford an opportunity of comparing the scenery and general aspect of our own country with other nations, while sketching, mosaics, and frescoes also deserve, and should receive, attention proportionate to their beauty.

Many of our fellow-countrymen will also see practically what they only know theoretically, or are entirely ignorant of, that the Catholic religion is not one sect—one of many—but is the belief of many flourishing, wealthy, intelligent, and progressive nations; and that, therefore, stock phrases about "superstition," "ignorance," "backward civilization of Catholic peoples," and such like, are too absurd to be listened to. No one can see the displays of France, Spain, Belgium, Brazil, and Italy, to speak of no others, without getting some new ideas on this subject.

IT is not often that our Reverend Clergy live to such an age that they can count fifty years in the priesthood. Occasionally, however, it happens. On the 25th of last April the Rev. Henry Lemke, of Elizabeth, N. J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. The entire congregation of his church took part in the celebration, and a large number of the clergy, as well as the Right Rev. Bishop Corrigan, of Newark,

and the Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester. At the Solemn High Mass which was celebrated on the occasion, a costly gold chalice, with an address expressive of the love and esteem of the congregation, were presented to Father Lemke, as well as a purse made up by the priests of the diocese of Newark, and other of his personal friends, containing a handsome sum of money likewise.

THE religious revival in France manifests itself not only in pilgrimages and efforts to secure Catholic education, but also in church building.

The saint who is most venerated in France after Our Lady is St. Martin of Tours. Over 4000 churches are dedicated to him; but the most famous of them all is the great basilica of Tours, which was destroyed in 1793. In ancient times thousands flocked to this shrine every year, and it ranked as a place of pilgrimage with the Holy Sepulchre, St. Peter's at Rome, and St. James of Compostello, Spain. The plan is to rebuild it as it was in the eleventh century. Fortunately drawings of the old church still exist, and with the assistance of these, there is every reason to believe, it will soon rise as splendid as ever. In a few months the first stone of this gigantic church will be laid by the assembled bishops of France. When we consider the enormous sum which France has paid Prussia, and the damages done by war, it seems incredible that she should yet be able to subscribe vast amounts to the building of such churches as that of the Sacred Heart at Paris, and that of St. Martin at Tours. The resources of France in the midst of her trouble, are a convincing proof that God blesses her faith and love for his Church.

THIRTY years ago his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman wrote: "Nothing could be more paltry, more degrading, to her subjects, than the majority of religious prints furnished by France, or by our own country, to the bulk of our people. Tawdrily colored prints, ill-defined mezzotintos, or rude etchings of meanly imagined figures, formed the staple of decorations for the room, or of illustrations for the prayer-book. Neither devotion nor even a pious thought could be inspired by such abortions of art."

A cultivation of a love for the beautiful is much to be desired in America, and Christian art presents a wide field for the painter's brush and the artist's pencil. The wide field of church history presents many scenes which a competent artist could well illustrate. Yet a stroll through any art collection will serve to show that this field is utterly neglected. Bishops, cardinals, priests, missionaries, and saints are sometimes seen, yet they are in general pictured in an unamiable, sometimes in a revolting manner, and sometimes it seems that art, which should be above sectarian jealousies, is made to pander to bigotry.

To the American mind, especial favors granted to one religious body, and much more its establishment as the exclusive religion of the state, is extremely repugnant. Settled as these States were by Puritans in New England, and by Episcopalians in Virginia, who both established their religion by law in their several sections, the example set by the Catholics of Maryland and the Quakers of Pennsylvania commended itself to the ideas of the founders of our independence. But Spain, which has possessed unbroken religious unity for eight hundred years, and now has only 60,000 Protestants among its 15,000,000 of inhabitants, values it, and dreads the prospect of religious strife. To introduce division where there was unity of faith previously, is a very different matter from the enforced toleration of all sects. However, the negotiations on this point between the Holy See and the Cabinet of King Alfonso will no doubt be speedily ended. It is better that a few Protestants should worship in peace than that any dissensions should impede the progress of Catholic Spain.

THE Month of Mary, attractive always to the devout, recalls to our minds the many evidences of the devotion of American explorers and Catholics to the Blessed Virgin. Columbus sailed in the Santa Maria on his voyage of discovery; the city of Montreal was first called *Ville Marie;* the discovery of the Mississippi by Père Marquette was undertaken under her protection, and it was first named the Conception; Maryland stands as a perpetual reminder of the veneration of the first Catholic settlers, and in addition, the United States, by a decree of the National Council of Baltimore, in 1846, is placed under her patronage, by the title of the "Immaculate Conception." As a natural consequence, there are more churches dedicated to her in the United States than to any other saint.

LANDING in New York on Easter Eve, the Emperor of Brazil attended Mass next day at St. Patrick's Cathedral; saw on Sunday and Monday the sights of our commercial metropolis, and started immediately for the West. He visited Salt Lake City, and found there, no doubt to his extreme surprise, that in the very centre and capital of Mormondom there was a Catholic church, a Catholic priest, and a flock of the faithful.

Truly, indeed, this is the land of contrasts! The oldest church and the newest imposture face to face in the centre of the continent.

THE revival services of Moody and Sankey still attract immense audiences. When they left London it seemed as if half the metropolis was to have a new religious life infused into it. When they preached in Philadelphia the Quaker City seemed to be thrilled, and when they took New York in hand, even that hardened city appeared to listen to the word. But it is all evanescent. When they go, the Protestant churches seem no fuller than before, the young men no less devoted to billiards and base ball, the hymns are no longer sung, and the community relapses into its usual worship of that deity represented by $, which there seems some probability will be in the future chiefly in the form of silver from the Big Bonanza mines of the rich Irishmen of Nevada.

A TERRIBLE riot took place in Limerick, Ireland, on the 17th, when Mr. Butt, M. P. for that city, and the leader of the Home Rule party in the British Parliament, was fiercely attacked by the Nationalists or Fenian party. The police and military did not interfere, and why should they? If Irishmen were breaking each other's heads, why should the English authorities and officials prevent them? Those who violently attacked the Home Rulers may *call* themselves Nationalists, but they are the best supporters of English power in Ireland. Outrages, riots, and murders disgrace any cause, and a furious fight around the base of O'Connell's monument is a spectacle calculated to discourage the friends of peace and progress in Ireland.

THE control of the Indians is to be transferred from the Department of the Interior to that of the War Department. This seems strange, but it is expected to work beneficially. As regards Catholic interests, soldiers are seldom narrow-minded or bigoted, and our army officers are not subject to an anti-Catholic feeling. They see too much of the devotedness of Sisters of Charity and priests on the field of battle to be prejudiced against religion. Here and there, perhaps, a bigot may be found, but generally speaking, they are the rare exception.

CHURCH EXTENSION is vigorously pushed. In the Far West a new Catholic seminary is to be erected at Santa Clara, Cal., and Archbishop Alemany has laid the foundation-stone of a fine new church at San Jose; in New York the congregation of St. Francis Xavier is about to erect a new and splendid church. The Cathedral of Baltimore, founded over seventy years ago, is now out of debt, and will be solemnly consecrated this month by the Archbishop, while the Lazarists have just opened also a new church in Chicago.

EXTRAVAGANCE AT FUNERALS the clergy appear to be setting their faces against more and more. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, thinks that five carriages are quite sufficient, and it is furthermore suggested that the money expended on funerals and display could be far more profitably expended in the erection of small chapels, in endowing scholarships, and in other methods reflecting honor on the dead man's name and perpetuating his memory, not forgetting, of course, to have masses said for the repose of his soul.

THE apostolic labors and saintly example of France's Great Apostle of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul, adorned the Church, and gave rise to three noble organizations,—the Missionary Fathers of the Congregation, commonly called "Lazarists," the Sisters of Charity, and the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. The tercentenary of his birth was celebrated on April 24th, and his spiritual children all rejoiced in the fact that the Holy Father had granted an extraordinary indulgence to all who devoutly observed the day.

ONE by one those who, together with the illustrious Doctor Newman, left Anglicanism for the Catholic Church, thirty years ago, are dropping off. Faber is dead, Wilberforce is dead, and now Father John Dalgairns has followed them. He was one of the Fathers of the London Oratory, situated in Kensington, and which for twenty years has seen the reception of a larger number of converts to the Catholic Church than, probably, any place in England or the world.

NOTHING is more important than to have a regular and constant supply of students for the theological seminaries; for without students there will be no future priesthood. It is, therefore, gratifying to learn, and may serve also to indicate the growing strength of the Church, that there are no less than 1288 Catholic theological students in the United States, while all other denominations have only 2589 amongst them.

FATHER BURKE has left the Irish Province of his Order and joined the Italian Province, for the benefit of his health. His labors in lecturing, preaching, etc., have been so constant and onerous that his health threatened to break down, and it is absolutely necessary that, in the milder climate of Italy, he should recruit his constitution.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HOLY WAYS OF THE CROSS; or, A Short Treatise on the Various Trials and Afflictions, Interior and Exterior, to which the Spiritual Life is Subject, and the Means of making a Good Use Thereof. Translated from the French of Henri-Marie Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreaux. By Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. London: Burns, Oates & Co., Portman Street, and Paternoster Row. 1875.

This work may be regarded as an exposition in detail by an accomplished spiritual director of that comprehensive chapter in *The Following of Christ*, which bears the title of the "King's Highway of the Holy Cross."

Previous to its publication in France, in 1671, a commission of doctors of theology examined it and reported as follows:

"It is a book as full of instruction for souls which desire to rise to perfection, as for those whose office it is to direct them on their way. We have found in it a teaching all divine, which the light of faith alone is capable of rendering intelligible to those who read it, and which divine love alone can enable them to relish. . . . This science of the Cross, unhappily, is ignored, neglected, or despised by the greater part of men, comprising even a number of the learned, who, devoting all their life to the study of the speculative sciences, pay no regard to the science and the maxims of Jesus crucified, 'in whom,' nevertheless, 'are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'"

The doctrine which the book enforces is necessary for all times, and it is specially applicable to our own, when men who profess to represent the highest intellects of this boasted age of progress are inviting Christian people to exchange the truths of divine faith and the lifegiving lessons of the Cross for the base, uncertain tenets of a sensual philosophy and of a false and godless science. Especially applicable to the present age are the instructions respecting persons guarding themselves sedulously against temptations to impurity, to blasphemy and unbelief. In regard to the two last-named sins, the writer touches the point directly, when he says that "all heresies come simply from the liberty people take of examining into the truths of religion, relying on their own lights, their own reasoning, the interpretation they put on Scripture, on Councils, or on the decision of Sovereign Pontiffs, contrary to the doctrine of the great Apostle, who clearly teaches that we must 'bring the understanding into captivity to the obedience of faith.'" . . . . "We ought to learn from the experience of so many centuries, which teach us that heretics have never wanted plausible reasons, ingenious and strong; . . . . but because they have been wanting in a sincere submission to the head of the Church and to its Councils they have miserably gone astray, together with those who followed them; . . . whilst those who adhered to Sovereign Pontiffs and to Councils have preserved the faith for themselves and their posterity."

CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE FOR BEGINNERS. With the approbation of the Most Rev. J. Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. No. 1, Improved Edition. Published by Kreutzer Brothers, 30 North Street, Baltimore, Md.; Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street, New York; Fr. Pustet, 52 Barclay Street, New York; 204 Vine Street, Cincinnati.

CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE FOR PAROCHIAL AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS. With the approbation of the Most Rev. J. Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. No. 2, Improved Edition. Published by Kreutzer Brothers, 30 North Street, Baltimore, Md.; Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street, New York; Fr. Pustet, 52 Barclay Street, New York; 204 Vine Street, Cincinnati.

These catechisms are the two first numbers of the series of catechisms of Rev. M. Müller, C. SS. R. When they first appeared we examined them carefully, and regarded them as well calculated to subserve the purposes for which they were intended. Since then Father Müller has made some changes, which are certainly improvements, and which increase their excellence and their adaptation to the purpose of instructing children and youth in Christian doctrine. Objections have been made to them on the ground that the language of the questions and answers is not sufficiently simple. Perhaps this objection is well founded to some extent. But there is a possibility of going too far in the effort to be simple in language, and of sacrificing accuracy of definition in the process. It is expected that the language of the answers shall be committed to memory, and it is all-important, therefore, that it should be theologically correct, even though to secure that correctness words are used which, for the time being, may be somewhat difficult of comprehension to the pupil. The verbal explanations of the

teacher and the growing intelligence of the child, too, will clear up in its mind the meaning of words that at first may not be perfectly understood.

FLAMINIA, and Other Stories; PERICO THE SAD, and Other Stories; ROBERT, OR THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD MOTHER, and Other Stories; THE CRUCIFIX OF BADEN, and Other Stories; LUCAS GARCIA, and Other Stories; THE STORY OF MARCEL, and Other Tales.

These Tales, original, translated, and selected, are from the press of the Catholic Publication Society of New York. They were, most of them, first published in the *Catholic World*, and are now republished in six handsomely bound volumes. We must give the editors of the *Catholic World* the credit of being careful and discriminating in regard to the character of the stories which appear in its pages. They are usually of a superior order of merit as regards conception, style, and the moral lessons inculcated. The volumes before us evidence this. The stories are mostly short, are well written, abound in interesting incidents, and exhibit a great variety of personages of different characters and experiences. Some of the scenes are laid in our own country; others in France, Germany, Ireland, England, and other foreign countries.

Taken altogether, these six volumes form a small library of entertaining reading, and it would be well, if parents who wish to restrain their children from the pernicious influence of the popular fictions of the day, would provide them with these interesting and harmless, and, some of them, edifying stories.

HUBERT'S WIFE. By Minnie Mary Lee. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., Publishers, 174 West Baltimore Street. 1875.

It is to be regretted that our Catholic book publishers, generally, do not exercise more discrimination and care in the works of fiction which they send out to be read by the Catholic public. The book before us is one of a class by no means edifying, which issue from time to time from the press of one or the other of our Catholic publishing houses. It relates the trials, temptations, and conversion to the Catholic faith of a Protestant woman who was cruelly treated by a harsh and unfeeling husband, and permitted herself to fall in love with her cousin. Her eyes were opened to her sin by attendance upon a Catholic Mission, and she became a convert to Catholicity. But the sinful affection which she had entertained she permitted to slumber in her bosom, though she refused to permit her lover to visit her. After a time her husband fell sick, and in a fit of delirium left the house and disappeared no one knew where. Her cousin then renewed his addresses and his solicitations that she should marry him. The woman refused on the ground that there was no proof that her husband was dead, that he was a Protestant, and that the Church forbade the marriage of cousins. Finally, however, her husband's body was found, her cousin became a Catholic, and a dispensation from the rule of the Church as regards the marriage of cousins was obtained, and the parties were united in matrimony. The moral of the book we regard as false throughout, and its influence upon those who read it as altogether unedifying. Instead of teaching that temptations to sin are to be resisted in their first approaches, persons would rather be led, if they accept its morality, to regard sin only as consisting in the act, and that, as long as they resist it in that form, they are blameless.

RITUALE ROMANUM: Pauli V. Pontificis jussu editum et a Benedicto XIV, auctum et castigatum; cui novissima accedit Benedictionum et Instructionum Appendix. Baltimori: Excudebat Joannes Murphy. Summi Pontificis atque Archiepiscopi Baltimorensis Typographus. 1876. 8vo., pp. 546.

We have carefully examined the new edition of the *Roman Ritual* from the office of John Murphy, in Baltimore, whose well-known skill in all matters pertaining to typography needs no praise of ours. Whatever he has published, in Latin especially, has been the best of the kind, both in type and paper, as witness the splendid edition of the *II. Plenary Council*, brought out with nearly entire accuracy, under the supervision of the Very Rev. Dr. Corcoran.

In the present work, intended, as we presume, only for the Sacristy, since its size is unfit for other purposes, we find very nearly all the various Benedictions and Offices likely to be needed. The binding and vignettes are in excellent taste, and superior to work on European editions of liturgical books.

It should find a place in all well-regulated sacristies of our country.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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